

# The Listener

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PRINCIPAL CONTENTS		PAGE	DRAMA:	PAGE
KING GEORGE'S JUBILEE TRUST (H.R.H. the Prince of Wales) .. .. .		637	The Rochdale Pace-egg Play (William E. Mitchell) ..	660
THE CINEMA:			RADIO NEWS-REEL .. .. .	661
Fitting Nature to the Screen (Mary Field and Percy Smith) .. .. .		639	RELIGION:	
Screened Novels (Alistair Cooke) .. .. .		671	Morality Old and New—Marriage and Some Alternatives (Rev. Hugh Martin) .. .. .	665
THE WORLD YESTERDAY AND TODAY:			ASTRONOMY:	
Europe's Currency Problems (Professor T. E. Gregory) .. .. .		643	The Sky at Night—Three Astronomical Events (R. L. Waterfield) .. .. .	666
The Struggle for Social Freedom (Rt. Hon. Herbert Morrison) .. .. .		646	MICROPHONE MISCELLANY:	
Growing Wings—'Doing Time' in the Air (Filson Young) .. .. .		647	Bucket Shops—Hull Fishing Industry Dispute—Should Beet Sugar be Subsidised?—Jubilee Window-boxes .. .. .	672
Gypsy Ways (Gypsy Petulengro) .. .. .		649	POINTS FROM LETTERS:	
The Village Church—Fashions in Tombs and Monuments (E. A. Greening Lamborn) .. .. .		654	S. Cowan on The Inns of England—J. Baker White on Freedom: Under Socialism or Capitalism?—Fr. C. Lattey and Fr. C. C. Martindale on Salvation Outside the Church—C. H. Izod on Grade A Culture and the B.B.C.—Miss Margaret H. Bulley on Modern Art—etc. .. .. .	674
National Maps and Plans (Brigadier H. St. J. L. Winterbotham) .. .. .		668	BOOKS AND AUTHORS:	
THE LISTENER:			The Listener's Book Chronicle .. .. .	676
The Modern Policeman .. .. .		644	POEM: Figurehead (K. J. Raine) .. .. .	650
Week by Week .. .. .		644	SUMMARY OF PROGRAMMES .. .. .	viii
THE LISTENER'S MUSIC:			THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD .. .. .	ix
Two Bach Choral Works (Harvey Grace) .. .. .		651		
ART:				
The Art of Diego Rivera (Anthony Blunt) .. .. .		652		
DOES THE WIRELESS MAKE YOU WISER?—A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE ..		657, 658		

## King George's Jubilee Trust

By H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

Broadcast on April 12

IN speaking to you tonight about King George's Jubilee Trust, I want first of all to make it quite clear that this is not an appeal for charity. For some time past there has been a widespread desire among countless people in this country for some opportunity of expressing to His Majesty the King their loyal gratitude for his reign over us during the last twenty-five years—a desire that 1935 should not be allowed to pass without leaving among us some living and permanent commemoration of this Jubilee year. I have discovered that nothing would give Their Majesties so much pleasure as a Fund to be devoted to the welfare of the rising generation, and I can think of no cause that should make so national an appeal. I have, therefore, with the King's approval, suggested that here is an opportunity for a nation-wide subscription to form a Trust, the income of which will, we hope, benefit all sections of the youth of this country who are now denied the opportunities of healthy recreation and self-expression which we believe to be the right of every boy and girl. And when I say this, I am thinking chiefly of that difficult period in their lives from the time they leave school up to the age of eighteen.

With our health services and our educational system, as they exist today, there is little cause for anxiety about their school years, but I believe there are over a million boys and girls between the ages of fourteen and eighteen with no opportunity of enjoying the games and the chances of self-development to which they are entitled—with no outlet for their natural high spirits and ambitions.

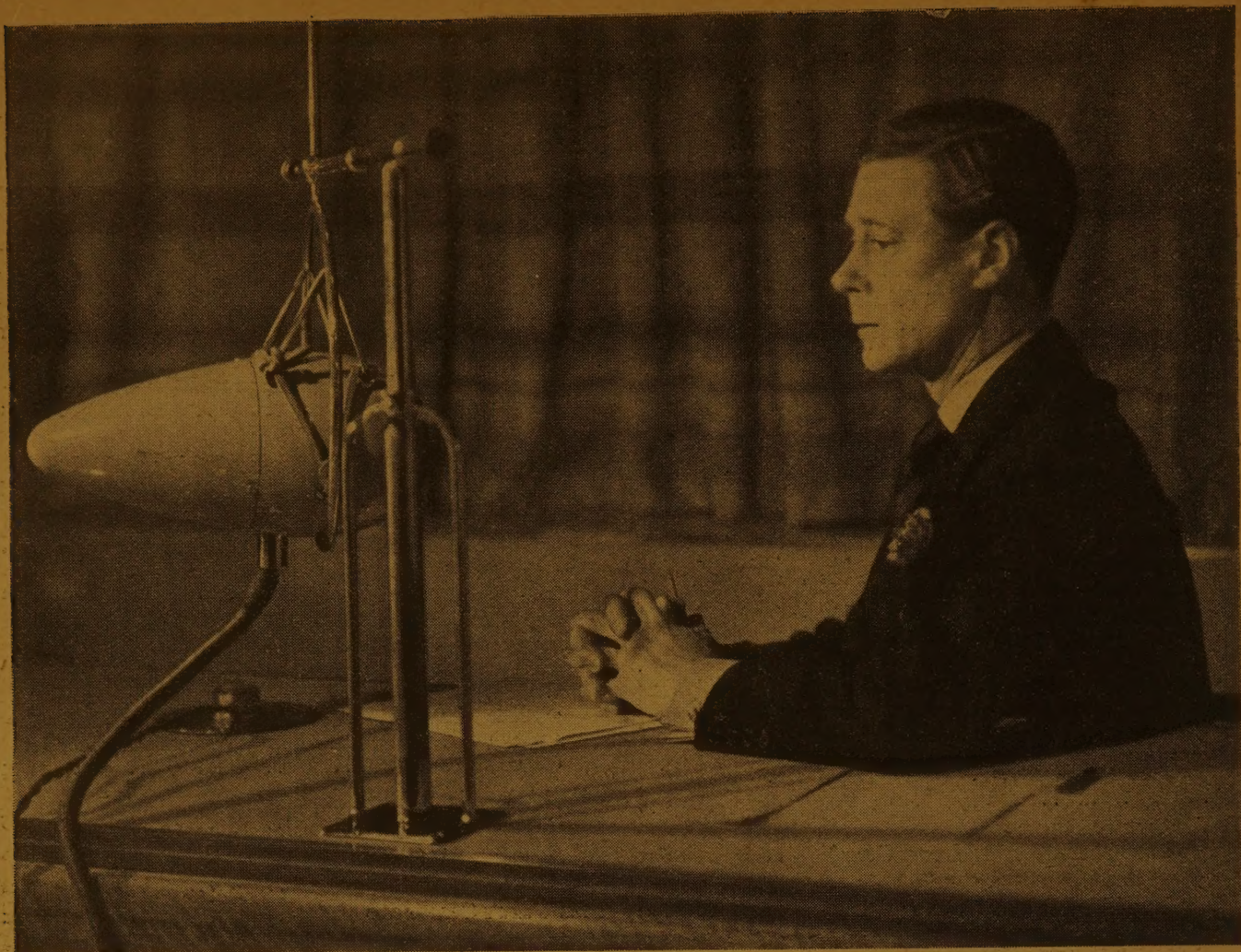
It would take a longer time than I have at my disposal to tell you all that we hope the Trust will achieve, but, broadly speaking, it will provide more and better facilities for the recreation and guidance of the younger generation, and will encourage the cultivation of abilities, craftsmanship, and all those outdoor interests and activities that make for mental and physical fitness.

From my own experience, I know the need for all this, and I have seen with my own eyes the vast difference, both in body and in mind, between children who have enjoyed these conditions and those who have not.

There are many admirable voluntary organisations in existence whose aim it is to promote the welfare of the boys and girls of the country, and the Trust will assist, strengthen and extend their work. It will enable similar movements to be started in places at present untouched, to pay special attention to areas, rural as well as industrial, where this kind of work is held up through lack of local resources, and is crying for help from some central source. There is no need for any new organisation—there are quite enough as it is, and I hope that the Trust may encourage co-ordination of effort and prove an important factor in preventing waste of money and overlapping.

In addition to assisting organisations such as Boys' and Girls' Clubs, Brigades, Scouts and Guides, we have in mind an 'Outdoor Programme', to help in providing camp sites, playing-fields, hiking, etc., for all young people; also an 'Indoor Programme', to help towards club premises, workshops and gymnasiums in areas where such





The Prince of Wales at the microphone on April 12

facilities do not exist today. These, in brief, are our present aims.

Now the Jubilee Trust has received many enquiries as to its future policy, and one very natural one is whether the money subscribed will be returned to the area from which it originally came. To this I can only say that we who are responsible for the Trust will naturally bear in mind the claims of the areas from which contributions come, but whether they be in England, Scotland, Wales or in Northern Ireland, our first thought, of course, must be for where the need is greatest.

The scope of the Trust cannot actually be defined at this early date, but it will clearly be so broad that every application made with a view to meeting the needs I have already stated will be eligible for consideration. Listeners will, I am sure, understand that the Trust is still in its initial stages, and some months must elapse before we are in a position to administer the fund. It will be obvious that we cannot consider our distribution policy until we know the extent of your generosity, and I know it would be the greatest help to our small voluntary staff if applications for assistance from the Trust were withheld for a reasonable time.

Now a word as regards the progress of this King George's Jubilee Trust. I have already appointed Trustees for the Fund, and I am forming in the near future a representative General Council to deal with the day-to-day administration of the work. I much appreciate the efforts in support of the Trust now being made throughout Great Britain, not only in subscribing actual money, but in the invaluable help given by private individuals, by organisations of every kind, and by the Press, and I would like to express my gratitude to one and all.

One very encouraging feature is the fact that, though the Trust is for the benefit of the youth of this country, subscriptions and offers of help have already been

received not only from every corner of the Empire, but also from America as a tribute to His Majesty the King.

One word of detail. To help the Jubilee Trust, the Postmaster-General has offered to convey free of postage all contributions addressed to the Jubilee Trust at St. James's Palace from tonight until May 6. There will be many listening who have no cheque book, and who will be too busy tomorrow to buy a postal order. Yet I feel sure that the welfare of the rising generation will appeal to all of you, and that everyone will wish to have their share in this Jubilee tribute to the King.

Even if it is only a penny or two, the pennies of millions will go a long way. All that you need to do is to slip into an envelope any loose unused stamps that you have handy, and post the envelope to King George's Jubilee Trust, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1. May I repeat that contributions, whether stamps, postal or money orders, or cheques, need not have any stamp on the envelope if addressed to King George's Jubilee Trust, St. James's Palace, London, S.W.1, and all and every contribution will be acknowledged.

I hope I have said enough to give you an idea of the lines on which the Trust is working and what it hopes to achieve. There is, as I said before, no question whatsoever of any charitable appeal. It is a national tribute to the King, to mark the completion of twenty-five momentous years—years, as we all know, of anxiety, exertion and progress. But as a permanent commemoration of the Jubilee Year, it will look not back but forward—to the welfare of the rising generation which will provide the backbone of the country in the years that lie ahead.

I ask you all to help me in building up this King George's Jubilee Trust on a national basis, in order to make it adequate not only to the object which it hopes to achieve, but also to the occasion which it will serve to commemorate.



## Filming Plants and Animals

*Fitting Nature to the Screen*

A Discussion between MARY FIELD and PERCY SMITH

*Miss Mary Field has directed, and Mr. Percy Smith has done most of the camera work in, the famous 'Secrets of Nature' films. They are now at work on a new series of nature films for Gaumont-British Instructional*

**M**ARY FIELD: How are the new films coming along?  
 PERCY SMITH: Quite nicely—I've three mapped out for the season.

FIELD: Well, do remember my job's to edit them. I've got to make the public think the films are entertainment and not instruction and at the same time I've got to make the Censor believe they're harmless. What have I got to struggle with this time?

SMITH: Mostly botanical stuff: three films—'How Plants Protect Themselves', next 'How Plants Reproduce', and finally 'Life in the Balance'.

FIELD: What's 'Life in the Balance' about?

SMITH: It shows the remarkable way in which nature adjusts the relationship between plants and animals for their mutual welfare. So there will be two subjects for the garden enthusiast and one dealing with life in a homely aquarium.

FIELD: They sound as if they'd be easy to edit, but isn't it odd to have three new nature films and not one that gives a complete life history among the lot?

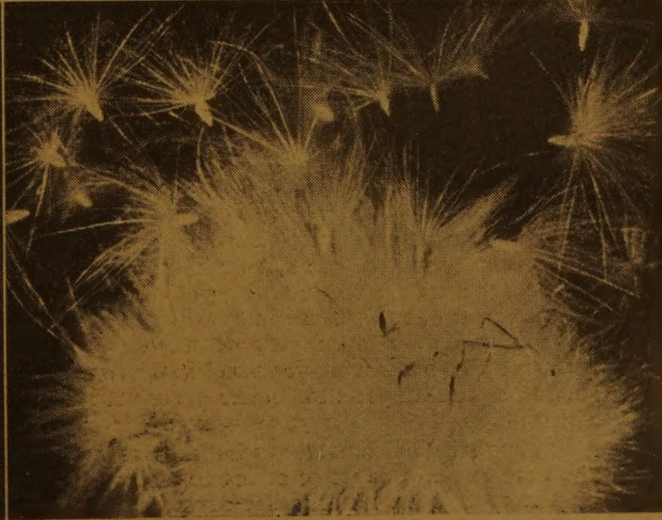
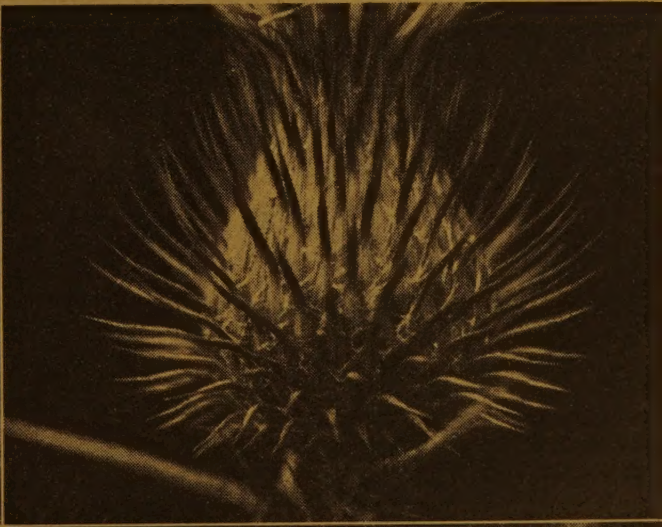
SMITH: No, I'll tell you why. I find the plant as a film-star a most obstinate thing. It follows its own programme to the bitter end. The unfortunate producer is helpless because the plant, unlike your human film-stars, can be neither coaxed nor bullied. We're getting increasing demand for

educational subjects; unexpected calls upon all our plant machines are frequent; so I have decided not to put myself at the mercy of any one kind of plant, for the present series of films.

FIELD: I must say I'm glad, for life histories are the most difficult of all the films to make into popular entertainment. Life histories are so eternally the same. Everything goes through the same life cycle—either from egg to egg or from seed to seed. You can't vary the story. Of course I can start in the middle. But I'm bound to work back to the point where I started. For purely educational films, I like life histories because they are simple and logical, but they are difficult to make into original entertainment for cinemas. Nature doesn't appreciate the theatrical value of surprise.

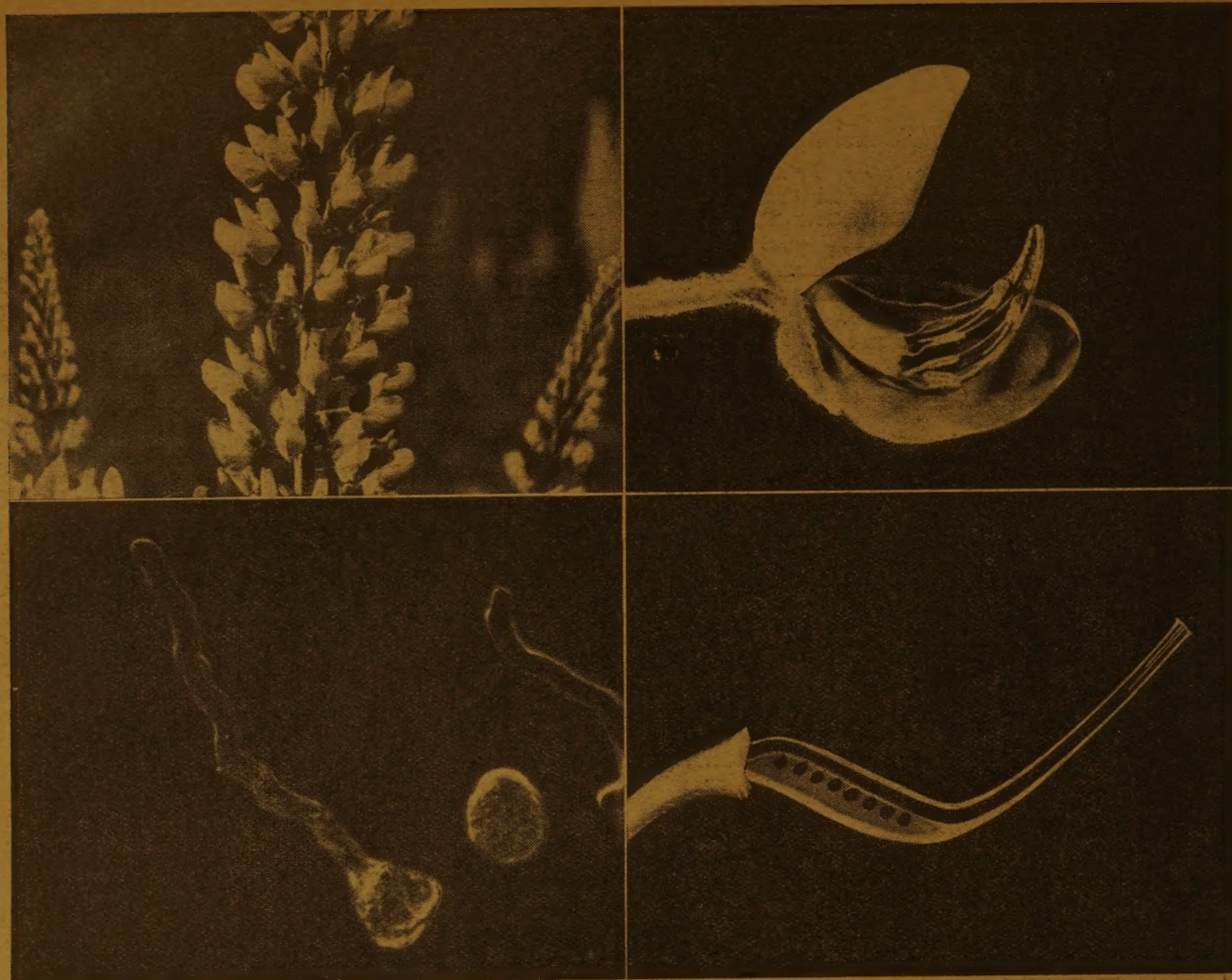
SMITH: Yes, but in this surely you must be largely at the mercy of the man in the street—I mean, rather, the man in the cinema. The first time that growing plants were screened cinema patrons were amazed—I remember at one hall the crowd demanded an encore—but a fair proportion of the members of such audiences would get no thrill from further films of similar subjects, in spite of the extraordinary habits of the plants shown on the screen.

FIELD: That's just it—that's what makes nature films so awkward to serve up as popular entertainment.



Stages in the growth of the thistle-plant, from the Gaumont-British Instructional film 'Thistledown'  
 (top left) young spear-thistle; (top right) perfection of the flower-head;  
 (bottom left) pollination by the bee; (bottom right) seed-dispersal





Pollination of the lupin flower, from the Gaumont-British Instructional film 'Lupins'

(top left) lupin flower; (top right) model of cross-section of a blossom;

(bottom left) model ciné-micrograph of grains of pollen in sugar solution putting out tubes; (bottom right) model of pollen tubes growing down the pistil

SMITH: Do you find any change in the response of audiences to our plant films?

FIELD: Audiences are still very difficult. As I said, they get restive if you keep showing them the same sort of picture and yet they don't really like a film about an unfamiliar subject. If a picture deals with something that people aren't familiar with in everyday life, it's a hundred to one that picture won't be a box-office success.

SMITH: You're in luck, Mary. I think 'How Plants Protect Themselves' will exactly fit in with what you want for the theatres—a series of unfamiliar aspects of familiar things. Everyone knows the lovely cyclamen, but how many have taken the trouble to watch it coiling its stalk to carry its seeds out of harm's way? Then there is the stinging-nettle with self-preservation carried to a fine art; but who, beyond perhaps an occasional hiker, fully appreciates the perfection of its defensive mechanism?

FIELD: Well, almost everybody must have met a stinging-nettle and been stung, so that film ought to go well. You remember what a success the green-fly picture was, because nearly everyone in every audience suffered from green-fly on their roses. I'm always rather annoyed when that sort of simple picture is so much more popular than the complicated ones, that take you four years to do, like the one about toadstools.

SMITH: I know that opinions are much divided as to whether toadstools are beautiful things or otherwise. Then again, the greater part of their life histories is obscure and not at all easy to follow. Even the fern goes through a lot of unfamiliar stages before it unrolls its fronds, but I suppose its final loveliness was sufficient to save its face as a film-star.

FIELD: The film on ferns didn't really do well. The life history part in the middle was too unfamiliar to hold attention. You could feel the interest going down—at least, I thought I could. People didn't know whereabouts on the ferns the microscopic scenes were taking place. I suppose there's a lot of microscopic work in these new films?

SMITH: Certainly. You can get an interesting glimpse of the nettle sting with a pocket lens, but a microscope is required to show what it is actually like. It isn't really sharp, but has got a little knob at the end. Now, when this knob is touched, ever so lightly, it breaks off at an angle, leaving the sting with a horribly sharp point which pierces the skin and injects an irritant poison.

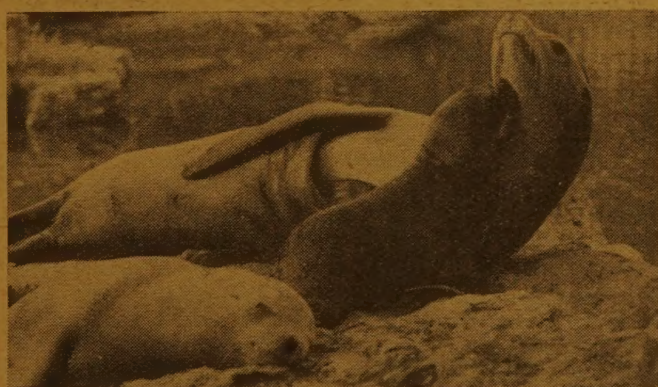
FIELD: And while we're on this subject, Percy, when you send in a microscopic scene do please let me have more details of the magnification.

SMITH: Now you're being fussy. If I screen a nettle sting about the size of a wireless aerial anyone with sufficient intelligence to be watching the picture will naturally assume that the photograph shown is considerably enlarged. Actually the screen magnification would be something like 3,000 diameters, but so little does this convey to the lay mind that if your commentator slipped up and said three millions, no one would notice the mistake and no one would care.

FIELD: I know quite well no one ever listens to the commentary really. One day I'm going to put in 'Who would guess an elephant's egg would turn into a lovely little flower like this', and I don't believe half-a-dozen people in the trade show audience will notice. And I never put in huge numbers because people can't take them in. What I don't like with microscopic scenes is to come to a huge magnification after a normal pic-



## *Film Stars of the Animal World*



Stills from the Gaumont-British Instructional films—'Mixed Bathing', 'He Would A-Wooing Go', 'We Are Seven' and 'Butterflies and Nettles'



ture. It shocks all the audience out of their concentration and you ought not to administer a shock unless you've an artistic reason—you've reached a climax or you're going to start some new theme. But the unnecessary shock of sudden huge magnification ruins the emotional content of the film.

SMITH: I take it then that in the case of an unfamiliar microscopical subject the ideal treatment would be a series of different shots of increasing magnification, supplemented here and there by the introduction of some well-known object—say a human hair or a needle—for comparison. Each section should be sufficiently long to carry a commentary to explain it, and the public must have a good look at what is on the screen. I *do* think you ought to leave my microscopic shots a bit longer.

FIELD: I've tried that sort of thing before, but I don't think it pays. I'll tell you why. In one short film you can't explain everything to an audience that you must pre-suppose know nothing of the subject at all. All you can do is to show them very simply what is happening.

SMITH: At the same time, you must try not to say anything scientifically inaccurate or you will infuriate the people who do know. It's a problem, isn't it?

FIELD: It's no good leaving an enlargement on the screen for a long time because you can't really tell people the true significance of what they're watching unless they know a lot of biology already. Most microscopic scenes have little movement, and all films should be essentially moving pictures. People go to cinemas to see movement; if they wanted chiefly to listen to the instructional commentary they might as well stay at home and listen to the wireless. That's why I cut the microscopic material very short. When you send in two or three hundred feet I only use twenty or thirty at the outside. The rest is wasted.

SMITH: Not really wasted. You must remember that there are many students of biology to whom the movements of living microscopical structures are of great interest. The only criticism one gets from these scientific workers is, 'Why did you stop it so soon?' So I shall go on taking what you please to call 'far too much'.

FIELD: It isn't too much for the editions of the pictures that are used for teaching, but scenes like that are wasted on the public. People get impatient if they don't know what they're looking at—naturally. And that reminds me we want to vary the scenes.

SMITH: What sort of variation do you want?

FIELD: If you shoot each piece of action from two or three angles I can cut backwards and forwards from one camera angle to the other. One single scene does seem so much longer than the same length of film made up of lots of scenes from different camera positions. Audiences keep wanting their films quicker and snappier. In the last five years the average length of our nature films has come down from 950 to 700 feet. Of course, it isn't so difficult to get quickness and variety by varying the set-ups on animals and birds and big insects, but I suppose, as usual, I'm asking a lot when I want scenes from different angles for plants and microscopic stuff?

SMITH: Yes, change of viewpoint is very troublesome in filming the growing plants. You ought to remember the apparatus I use is massive and complicated and permanently fixed on concrete. The plant stands on a platform which automatically counteracts upward growth. A number of other small adjustments are possible, of course. But the best one can hope for is a straightforward view of the most interesting part of the plant developing at whatever speed is most pleasing.

FIELD: And what you can't get from any angle at all you do by diagram or model?

SMITH: Yes.

FIELD: I do like good models, but they have the Silly Symphony technique and make people laugh. I'm all for making people laugh, but in the right place. Often we have to use models when we want the audience to be serious, and if they're amused the result is an artistic failure.

SMITH: In spite of all that, I'm rather partial to models. The question of realism can be settled by the fact that I am often asked which is the model and which is the real thing. Now when an audience laughs at a model it is always at some trifling incident. Bertie the Bee, after he's visited a flower, stops to dust a bit of pollen off his eye; that makes the audience

laugh, but this laughter is really just a friendly mark of appreciation—the audience is laughing with us, not at us. It's totally different from the howl which used to greet the screen heroine dropping glycerine tears on a badly-made property baby—that *was* unfriendly. But I can sometimes avoid models if you like by an unusual treatment of the flowers. For instance, when I cut a garden nasturtium in half the bee that visited it failed to take advantage of the short cut to the nectar and insisted on pushing through the front entrance in the correct and orthodox way.

FIELD: That's what I complained of earlier. Nature always does things the same way, but I'm expected to produce variety in nature films. Still, most plants seem to me to move differently even if their life histories are the same. Is there going to be any good rhythmic movement in the new films?

SMITH: Rhythm—oh, that should be quite easy: in the plant world the poetry of motion is developed in the highest possible degree. But growth and movement are both so slow that we can't visually appreciate their beauty.

FIELD: I asked because now we have the music specially written to fit the movement in the pictures, we do get the best kind of sound pictures where ear and eye are satisfied simultaneously. And do you know that even some educationalists are beginning to appreciate a musical background to some nature films? They say the music calls attention to the natural rhythms in the picture. The best example of this is that lovely theme for the expansion of the butterfly's wings.

SMITH: Well, the plant machine will do a lot for you here. By speeding the natural action 100,000 times I can make the clover field flap its leaflets to the rhythm of your butterfly wings.

FIELD: Is a butterfly dance the only one you can give me?

SMITH: Oh, no. For ballet music mustard and cress would be quite suitable, or, should you prefer something more classical, the plump and dignified radish would fit in nicely with the music of the Mastersingers. I can give you a plant picture to fit anything from a jig to a funeral march.

FIELD: If you do that people will attack us on all sides and say the pictures aren't true and that they are just examples of the typical faking that you always get from the film industry.

SMITH: A nasty word, faking, and slang at that.

FIELD: What's the matter with illusion, then?

SMITH: Oh, I don't mind the word illusion, which sounds much nicer and after all means practically the same thing. The living plant upon the screen is just an illusion in which speed is vastly exaggerated. The microscope, in the same way, is merely an optical illusion in which size is exaggerated—but no one calls it a fake. After all, what is the cinema itself? Just an illusion.

Readers who wish to follow up the subject of the above talk are reminded of the *Secrets of Nature* book, by Mary Field and Percy Smith, which was published last spring by Messrs. Faber, at 12s. 6d.



Still from a new unfinished film, 'How Plants Protect Themselves', which is being made by Phyllis Bolté in collaboration with Percy Smith. The illustration shows the cyclamen plant coiling its stalk round the seed, while one end stretches to the ground for support.



## Current Economic Affairs

## Europe's Currency Problems

By Professor T. E. GREGORY

THE subject I want to discuss is the relation of what has been happening in Belgium recently, and what may happen in Holland, Switzerland, and even France in the near future, to the general problem of international recovery. First, as to the facts about Belgium. The main points are: first, she has suspended the obligation of the National Bank to pay out gold against notes and deposits. Second, she is creating an Exchange Equalisation Fund (on the lines of our own Fund) for the protection of the future value of the belga, and providing the necessary finance by re-valuing her currency—that is, taking each ounce of gold she has, and making it represent 25 per cent. more in money than that ounce did before. Third, the exchange value of the belga in terms of other gold currencies is being reduced by 28 per cent.: re-valuing by 25 per cent., and de-valuing by 28 per cent., is simply equivalent to leaving something in hand for further re-valuation in future. The net result of her action is that Belgian goods will now be cheaper to buy, and all foreign goods (including, of course, foodstuffs and raw materials) will rise in price in Belgium, unless their foreign price falls at the same time. Important as Belgium is in some respects, it is doubtful whether she is a sufficiently powerful buyer in the world's markets to make foreign prices fall: we were probably in a position to do so when we went off gold, but whether Belgium can remain to be seen.

## Belgium's Defection—

Belgium, as you will remember, was a member of the 'gold bloc' and the 'gold bloc' countries have been trying to act together ever since the ill-fated World Economic Conference of 1933. It is, therefore, not surprising that the defection of Belgium should have led, as in fact it has done, to considerable nervousness as regards the position of the remaining members of the former 'gold bloc'. The Dutch guilder, the Swiss franc and the French franc, have all been 'weak' recently: that is, a British pound buys more of them than it did before, especially when what is being bought is not a Swiss or French franc to be delivered at once, or a Dutch florin to be delivered at once, but when the buying price of the pound is measured in terms of francs or guilders to be delivered some time in the future. That is only reasonable. If these various countries abandon gold, or, at any rate, lower the amount of gold represented by a unit of their currency, these currencies will not represent as much gold in the future as they have done in the past, and, of course, since this risk is a real one, the market protects itself by lowering the purchase price, in terms of British money, against future deliveries of currencies in such a position.

## —and Continental Reactions

Why should the mere fact of Belgium taking the steps she has cause nervousness all round? The truth is simply that Belgium stands to gain by a fall in her currency: it may stimulate exports and check imports—relieving unemployment, at any rate in the short run. If the Dutch follow her example, Dutch shipping can compete on more equal terms with our own—and the Dutch East Indies producing tin, and coffee, and rubber, and tea, will be in a more favourable situation. If Switzerland goes off, the fall in the Swiss franc will make that country a cheaper one to visit, and so more British tourists may choose to go there this summer. The same thing is true of France: if the French franc falls, French silks, goods and wines and jewellery become even more attractive than they were before—because they will become cheaper. And, on the other hand, in all these countries, foreign goods become dearer, so that imports are checked. The competitive power of the 'gold bloc' becomes strengthened all round.

But, of course, a price has to be paid for all this, and it is a heavy one. In the first place, the mere fact that it is feared that a particular country is going to go off gold leads to very considerable movements of funds. Nervous holders of francs or guilders buy dollars and sterling, and in this way add to the mass of so-called 'bad money': those floating balances which,

just because their comings and their goings are so incalculable, are a permanent danger to the smooth working of the international monetary machine. In the second place, to guard against the risk of loss, there has developed all over Europe, but particularly in the present gold standard countries, the practice of actually holding gold as a private investment. The other side of this sterile way of using savings is simply the weakness of the long-term capital market: the difficulty of getting savings invested fruitfully in new construction, and in real investment, all of which would add to the world's stock of useful things, as well as improving the employment situation, which is rightly regarded as the most urgent need of the present moment.

## Unstable Currencies Lead to Tariffs and Quotas

Thirdly, it is the instability of currencies which is, in my opinion, the main cause of that appalling growth in tariffs and quotas which is hampering international trade at every point. One can see the process at work under one's eyes from moment to moment. The recent weakness of sterling was a contributory factor weakening the Belgian determination to remain on gold: Belgian competition was already a factor making for the recent increase in the British iron and steel duties. But the fall in the sterling value of the Belgian franc has already made the increased duties less of a protection to the British industry than the old duties were, and so we have already an agitation to get them and other duties raised, because the fall in the value of the Belgian franc makes Belgian manufacturers more serious competitors. Currencies slide off gold; tariffs are put up. But this makes a further fall necessary, and so the battle between the big gun of currency depreciation and the armour plate of tariff and quota leads to no one being any better off in the end. Currency depreciation and tariff and quota legislation are snapping the myriads of threads which kept the various countries of the world connected with one another. Even if we make allowance, as we ought to do, for technical progress and for changes in demand, which may on balance reduce the dependence of countries upon one another, it is inconceivable that the world, in a period of five years, should have so changed that it can really be as well off or as fully employed, with world trade some one-third of what it was only so short a time ago.

## Steps to Restore International Trade

If there is agreement that international trade must be restored, what are the necessary steps to be taken? It is useless to start by dealing with tariffs and quotas: for the very simple reason that no State will agree to a limitation of its rights to raise tariffs and reduce import quotas so long as another country can steal a march on it by the further lowering of the external value of its currency. It is useless to start a revival of international lending by trying to raise large international loans for the benefit of distressed countries: the money will not be forthcoming so long as currencies are unstable. There is only one way of approaching the problem: it is to start with the currency situation, and by the means of international discussion to arrive at a reasonable all-round basis of stabilisation. The urgency of starting this discussion is increased and not decreased by the present difficulties of the gold bloc countries: the confusion which will result if they are all driven off gold is bound to be considerable. It is not too early to face the problem: for, whether we face it or not, the progress of recovery depends upon the right solution being found.

Readers of the 'Memoirs of the Unemployed', which appeared in THE LISTENER in the summer of 1933, may remember the account of his experiences given by a Derbyshire colliery bankman, who mentioned that he had just completed a novel. The writer was Walter Brierley, and his novel, which is entitled *Means Test Man*, has now been published by Messrs. Methuen (7s. 6d.). It describes the life of an unemployed Derbyshire miner and his reactions to the Means Test system.





# The Listener

*All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER being mainly reprints of broadcast talks, original contributions are not invited. Articles in THE LISTENER do not necessarily represent the views of the B.B.C. Yearly Subscription rates (including postage): Home and Canada, 18s. 8d.; Overseas and Foreign, £1 1s. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this issue: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2d.*

## The Modern Policeman

THE report for last year of the Commissioner of Police for the Metropolis, Lord Trenchard, illustrates in a number of ways the continuous transition which is going on in the duties and range of activities of the police. Lord Trenchard mentions that the annual output of new traffic regulations, which the modern constable is supposed to master, amounts to three or four hundred printed pages. Traffic in the motor-car age has come to loom so large among police duties that there have been many anxious voices asking whether the police are not being deflected from their primary task, the protection of life and property, in order to fulfil duties which might reasonably be fulfilled, in part at any rate, by other organisations. On the question of the success of the police in keeping down crime, the present report has some interesting things to say. Crime may be looked at under the division of preventable and detectable. Preventable crime is the sort of crime which can be lessened by making it more difficult for it to occur. Detectable crime, which includes the vast majority of the crimes which make good newspaper reading, poisonings, forgery, and the like, cannot be anticipated; it can only be detected and punished after it has happened. It may come as a shock to ordinary citizens to hear that whereas last year over £1,100,000 worth of property was stolen, only £127,000 worth was recovered, but 70 per cent. of the huge total is made up of articles worth less than £5. The Commissioner points out how the popularity of motor-cars creates new opportunities for theft. When cars themselves are stolen they are commonly used for some additional stealing, while the ease with which things can be stolen from inside cars would make the old Victorian pickpocket green with envy of his more happily placed successors. One invention in particular is proving of great value: police wireless is now organised with a central clearing-house at Scotland Yard, which receives and relays messages through the whole of the twenty-four hours—messages which are picked up by travelling police squadrons, 'Q' cars and flying squad cars, and are transmitted as well to every police station. Thanks to the

wireless it is no uncommon thing for thieves to be arrested while still in the car they have stolen, and Lord Trenchard quotes an involuntary tribute from an old hand just apprehended: 'Look 'ere', he said, 'your blinking squadrons are fair mucking up crime'.

The mobilisation of wireless is one conspicuous instance of the way the modern policeman is coming more and more to rely upon new methods. A laboratory has now been added to the Police College at Hendon and the Metropolitan Police will no longer have to rely upon outside scientific assistance. The scientific detection of crimes like forgery has now been brought to a very high level, but this country has been backward in embodying scientific methods, other than the familiar finger-print system, in the routine of its police. In the Victorian tradition these things were unfamiliar side-lines; but nowadays a new kind of recruit is being sought for—young men of a high level of education and capacity—and courses of training can now be provided because the people who can profit by them are also there. The rise in the status of a policeman has come step by step with the extension of his duties. In this connection Lord Trenchard points out how increasingly acute the question of the buildings in which the police do their work is becoming. Police stations are places in which all sorts of eminently respectable people constantly find themselves on some business or other to do with a licence or a registration, yet the actual buildings remain over from the period when a station was thought of as mainly a lock-up for drunks or low-grade wrong-doers. Scotland Yard itself is one of the many buildings in Central London which was erected to house far fewer people and records than have to make shift with it today. This question of accommodation, like that of scientific work, is one in which the new status of the police career has made the old methods an anachronism. The present report illustrates this new status in a number of small, as well as large ways. Thus the sale by policemen of concert tickets in the street to raise funds for their charities is being replaced by a system putting those charities on a firm insurance basis. Lord Trenchard speaks strongly against the practice, already condemned in the Royal Commission on Police Powers and Procedure, by which police officers are expected, as part of their duties, to enter registered clubs as guests or members and to spend money there in order to obtain evidence. This procedure, says Lord Trenchard, is very objectionable and bound to have a demoralising effect on the police concerned. It should be replaced by an adequate system of registration and inspection by the registration authority. These instances all alike point to the emergence of a new conception of the policeman as a highly trained public officer in whose varied duties the old kind of criminal work, while remaining the core of professional duty, is surrounded by a wide range of other activities maintained for the public convenience.

## Week by Week

WHEN Queen Victoria celebrated her first Jubilee in 1887, she returned thanks at Westminster Abbey. The procession did not cover any large mileage in the journey from Buckingham Palace, but it was a very grand affair. Its keynote was the presence of many Royal Visitors, who had come to share in the Jubilee. Many of them were related to the Queen, others illustrated the vitality of the monarchical principle, for at that date the French Republic stood virtually alone in a Europe of Monarchies. From the point of view of the man in the street, on a day when everybody qualified for that description, the procession was made by more distant royalties. It was the Indian Rajahs, the Sultan of Persia, the Queen of Hawaii, who transformed the familiar streets of London, S.W. Ten years later, when the Diamond Jubilee was celebrated, Europe fell



further into the background. The great feature of the procession that went on, apparently endlessly, preceding the Queen to St. Paul's, was the new prominence of the Empire. Colonial troops, from Canada or from Africa—for the word 'Colonial' described them all then—and Colonial statesmen bore witness to that discovery of their overseas possessions which Englishmen made in the 'nineties, largely through the imaginative vigour of the then Colonial Secretary, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain. The combination of a Colonial procession preceding a Royal procession made that June day in 1897 the witness of a truly memorable pageant, and whatever money people had paid for seats in windows or on stands was outlay for which their eyes had received good measure. Monarchies, which then seemed so rooted, have almost completely vanished in Europe now, but the Empire fortunately still holds the rich material of pageantry, while England is full of picturesque survivals in the costumes and uniforms of public bodies. Everybody, but particularly those with seats in windows or stands for sale for as many guineas as possible (and the sellers include many important charities), has read with satisfaction that the Jubilee procession next month, when the King and Queen go in state to St. Paul's, will be on a more imposing scale than had at one moment been contemplated. According to present plans the Dominion Prime Ministers will take part. Except for Canada the time is too short for much Dominion display. Neither uniforms nor men could be brought from afar, but it is confidently asserted by various enthusiasts that a call for volunteers with uniforms would have amazing results in showing that Great Britain contains in its population all sorts of ex-members of the various Imperial services. It cannot be denied that the presence of quite small detachments, even of half-a-dozen men, of famous bodies like the North West Mounted Police would be eagerly welcomed by the large crowds who will come to watch the spectacle. The success of a procession is made quite as much by the chances it gives for familiar and friendly recognition as by its sheer pageantry.

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Those who listen to the Silver Jubilee broadcasts during the month of May will find that, as far as public celebrations go, there is one notable omission on the artistic side. The Master of the King's Music is organising a Jubilee Concert of British music at the Albert Hall on May 24; the directors of Covent Garden Opera House are giving a command performance of 'The Barber of Seville' on May 29; but the art of the theatre has failed to secure an adequate share of public ceremonial. The omission is presumably due to the absence of any central theatre, like the State theatres of France and Germany, to which a gala performance would naturally be entrusted; and although the Lord Chamberlain might be described as Controller of the King's Drama, his powers are more censorious than creative, and the organisation of a Jubilee drama festival is hardly a task that he could be expected to undertake. It seems clear that a State or National theatre would be the right organisation to sponsor such a festival; and while there is no such theatre in England today it is satisfactory to know that the movement for the establishment of a Shakespeare Memorial National Theatre is making good progress. Lord Lytton, who presided over a meeting of the General Committee at the House of Lords last week, cleared up a number of doubtful points, and one of his statements deserves the widest circulation. When the Jubilee appeal of the organisers was launched a couple of months ago the critics observed that a new London repertory theatre would not be 'national' in the true sense of the word, and it was urged in these columns and elsewhere that a National Theatre should frequently send out companies to the provinces. Lord Lytton has now explained that the organisers fully intend to fulfil this condition: they mean to send the company on tour every year, and they aim at having a large enough cast to enable over half the company to be always on tour in Great Britain or in the oversea Dominions. In this way the whole country and the whole Empire can take an interest in the venture. The practical details of the new appeal for the balance of £500,000, which is largely to be raised by means of a National Theatre Guild with annual subscriptions of 2s. 6d., 5s. and £1, sound

quite encouraging. If subsidised by the State or built by an æsthetic millionaire a National Theatre might find the public suspicious and unresponsive; but a theatre which comes into being through a collective effort of British people has much more chance of success. To raise the money, to build or secure a theatre, and to make a repertory of plays which are neither forbidding nor commonplace are tasks that will take time, but the Committee certainly appears to have the will to succeed.

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The award of the Wateler Peace Prize for 1935 to the League of Nations, to enable it to develop the Secretariat's broadcasting service and in recognition of the good work that the service has done already, is a fresh indication of the international importance of broadcasting. It is beyond doubt that broadcasting can do a great deal for the cause of peace, and the directors of the Carnegie Foundation at The Hague are right to encourage the League Secretariat to develop this side of its work. Unfortunately the Wateler Prize, though a substantial sum for a private individual, looks very much smaller when given to a public organisation, and it is to be feared that the prize-money of £2,600 will not enable the Secretariat to make any very substantial improvement in its broadcasting service. The present short-wave transmitter, which is known as Radio-Nations, broadcasts occasional bulletins of information in English, French, and Spanish, and reports of their reception have been received from all over the world. This is commendable, but it is not enough. Radio-Nations is 'on the air' for a much shorter time than most of the world's prominent short-wave stations, and a station which confines itself to official reports and occasional relays of speeches or debates is not likely to capture the imagination of the world. If it were possible for the Secretariat to broadcast a daily programme of 'Grade A' (to adapt Mr. Dulac's phrase) entertainment, and to intersperse it (on the American sponsored model) with news of the League's work, Radio-Nations would be able to do even more important work on behalf of peace. But here one encounters the impenetrable barrier of finance, and there is apparently no immediate prospect of such a development. In the meantime, the award of the Wateler Prize should at least enable the Secretariat to make some slight extension of its broadcasting activities.

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Our Scottish correspondent writes: While, as mentioned in your issue of March 13, the Board of Education are planning an investigation into the question of homework in English schools, it appears that in Scotland we have gone further towards a direct tackling of such problems as exist. In Glasgow the agitation against the alleged overworking of children actually took the form of a newspaper campaign, and the correspondence columns were filled for weeks on end with the effusions of theorists; but there was sufficient substance in the complaint to convince the local Education Committee that home lessons should be abolished in all elementary schools and in secondary schools up to the Qualifying stage. Two reports, by the Directors of Education in Glasgow and Dundee respectively, now tackle the problem as it affects the secondary pupil in the post-primary stage, and the significant admission by these specialists is that the boy or girl preparing for the Leaving Certificate examination is apt under our Scottish system to be overloaded with work to a considerable degree. The Glasgow report is specific enough to suggest a schedule of work, graded according to the age and aims of the pupil, and is positively sensational in recommending that one night of the working week should be completely free from any duties of preparation whatsoever. Reform of some sort is clearly coming, and the fact is of extreme interest in relation to our traditional devotion to hard work at school as a necessary preparation for the grim business of life. But some may see in the movement a symptom of defects in our educational system. It has latterly encouraged a concentration on mere examinational results; and there can be no doubt at all that when the old domestic Boards gave place to large and characterless Authorities, the average Scots parent lost much of his intimate interest in the scholastic fate of his offspring.



## Freedom

# The Struggle for Social Freedom

By the Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON.

**A**LMOST every one of my British listeners will agree that freedom is a good thing. The very words 'freedom' and 'liberty' evoke a response in our hearts and minds: they are real to us; they mean something. Yet when I come to define what freedom is I find it difficult to give a definition which will not fail at some point or another.

I am sorry about this, for freedom and liberty are dear to me. I am proud of the successful struggle of the British people for political freedom, the right of national and local self-government and the liberty to believe in any religion or in none. I know that even so the freedom of a large number of people is limited by their financial circumstances and the actual or possible economic pressures of others upon them. I do not ignore these disabilities to freedom in our country, but I should be unappreciative and petty-minded if I did not rejoice with my fellow citizens in the political freedom and the civic liberty of the British people. The private citizen, and associations of private citizens, whether in the form of great political parties, or small and sometimes curious specialist societies, enjoy and exercise the sacred right to agitate, educate and organise. We have not only the right to criticise and denounce in the strongest of terms the Government of the day, but within limits to challenge popular beliefs and generally accepted doctrines.

## Limits Imposed by Law and Intolerance

I know that limits are sometimes imposed either by the law or by the occasional intolerance of public opinion, and intolerance is ever the foe of freedom. I could spend much time in detailing and exaggerating the limitations and barriers to freedom and liberty of expression. It may be I could make a strong case against many or all of such limitations or barriers, but when all is said and done British liberty is a real thing. It took centuries to achieve and it is worth preserving. It gives us a kinship with the democracies of the world—the British Dominions, America, France, Belgium, Holland, the Scandinavian countries, and so on. It makes us indignant against dictatorial governments which stipulate the political, economic and religious beliefs of the peoples over which they rule; which prohibit the existence of any political party other than that which supports the Government; which treat criticism of the Government, its policy and the established order of society as high treason; which murder, persecute, and politically and economically outlaw individuals who cannot conscientiously accept the views of the Government; and which make the individual feel that it is dangerous for him even within the privacy of his family circle or a homely gathering of friends to express his beliefs.

That is a horrible state of affairs. One has only to imagine what it means and what it would feel like to us who value as a precious possession political freedom and civic and religious liberty. Moreover, it is not only good that the individual should have such rights of freedom and liberty, it is also advantageous to the collective life of the nation. For a country that chokes the right of suggestion and criticism and which causes the individual to fear that even private thought is dangerous, is crushing, stultifying and burying initiative, thought and ideas which would make no mean contribution to the well-being of each of such countries and of the world as a whole. I do not believe that freedom and liberty can be crushed for all time in any country of the world, and I look forward to the time when peoples who are now under the heel of dictatorships—even if so enslaved partly by their own wish—may gain their freedom and, what is no less important, make themselves politically and socially fit to exercise it.

## A Definition of Liberty

In that broad sense I know what I feel, and I think you know what I mean, when I make a comparison between the freedom of the British and other democratic communities and the tyranny of the States whose form of government is that of a dictatorship. But as I indicated at the beginning, when one tries to find a watertight definition of freedom and liberty one

is in a difficulty. For instance, if we define free speech as the right to say what we like, most of us do not mean the right to slander the personal character of others or to use in public language which would be generally offensive. That in itself puts an end to the soundness of the definition of free speech as the right to say what we like and we at once begin to think about qualifications. Similarly, if we define liberty as the right to do as we like we must immediately concede the qualifications that this should not include murder, robbery, or even giving a false alarm to the fire brigade.

Perhaps the nearest we can get to a definition of freedom and liberty is the right to think, say and do what we like, provided we do not impinge upon the reasonable freedom and liberty of others and of society as a whole.

Political liberty itself must have its restrictive reactions. British constitutional doctrine says that the individual citizen, irrespective of his station in life, has the right to participate in the election of Parliament and the local authorities and to stand for election himself. This gives him the right, in common with his fellows, of participation in the national and local government of the country. But once Parliament and the local authorities have constitutionally and democratically been elected, the private citizen must obey and conform to the laws and regulations constitutionally passed by public authority, which do not impair the democratic fabric, although he has the right to denounce and criticise such laws and regulations and demand their repeal or amendment.

Under democracy, therefore, there is, in my view, no moral right of violent revolt or physical force revolution. This means that the existence of constitutional liberty involves a denial of the right of individual revolt and defiance of the State, although the penalties of such revolt and defiance must vary according to its nature. For example, a passive resister against State authority on religious or moral grounds will probably receive lighter penalties than the man guilty of political assassination. On the other hand, under a one-party dictatorship or a royal autocracy, the individual, in my judgment, has the moral right to any form of revolt, violent or otherwise, although the expediency and justification for such action must be judged on the circumstances of the case.

## Even If You Lived on a Desert Island . . .

We see, therefore, that freedom and liberty are complex and not simple and that reservations and qualifications are almost inevitable if we are to preserve the maximum of freedom and liberty for all citizens in a civilised society. This must not make us feel that freedom and liberty are an illusion and a sham, for their fundamental reality remains, and we must not lose the ideal in our recognition of hard facts. If you want to enjoy the right to the unrestricted right of individual freedom you must live in an otherwise uninhabited island; but even then you would not have the right to go to the pictures! How easy it is for an individualist who is almost an enthusiastic anarchist, like Sir Ernest Benn, to make a slip is shown by the fact that in his contribution to this series he was so enthusiastic for the cause of freedom that he said, 'You may imagine, then, with what delight I heard that the B.B.C. had decided that its ten million listeners should listen to talks on freedom'. Quite apart from the fact that the B.B.C. has no power whatever to *decide* that its ten million listeners *should* listen to anything at all, it is surprising that an individualist like Sir Ernest Benn should be delighted with the idea that the B.B.C. has such powers. It may be that Sir Ernest Benn did not mean what he said, but if he had been as much a lover of freedom as I am, that sentence would have been as instinctively repugnant to him as it was to me. In these circumstances we need not take him too seriously when he claims that the anti-Socialist individualist is the only man who thinks of everybody and that collectivism is the negation of freedom.

This brings me to the relationship between personal freedom and liberty and the economic and industrial organisation of society. Freedom to me means much more than freedom to



think and say what I like; on the other hand, the action of the State in denying me the freedom to drive a motor-car if I were under the influence of drink or to set fire to my neighbour's house does not worry me in the least.

### Enslavement by Poverty

We must not be too narrow in our conception of freedom and we must realise that the economic and social circumstances with which governments have so far not concerned themselves may nevertheless seriously and improperly limit the liberty of the individual to enjoy a reasonably adequate and full life. The poverty of millions of British citizens automatically imposes a host of irksome limitations upon them. They may be denied the freedom to go to the seaside for a summer holiday; or the freedom to sit in comfort and read by the fire on a Sunday evening; or the freedom to buy books and go to the theatre with reasonable frequency; or the freedom of a family to go into the country to enjoy nature and the fresh air. Millions of working-class wives experiencing the domestic struggle to make ends meet, saddled with the long hours of domestic labour, and undertaking the heavy duties and responsibilities, as well as enjoying the inspiration, of caring for and bringing up a family of young children, are inevitably subjected to the severest limitations of their personal freedom and liberty. It is a tribute to the many thousands of them who are active in the women's sections of local Labour Parties and the Co-operative Guilds that, notwithstanding their long hours of toil, they successfully struggle to find time in the service of what they believe to be good public causes.

It is the fact, then, that poverty itself is a form of enslavement; it is a fact that the workman in certain factories of a super-organised character has his industrial individuality destroyed by labour that has been made both intensive and monotonous by the modern enslavement of man to the machine and the passion for the subdivision of labour. If poverty was necessary for all of us because of the sheer insufficiency of natural wealth and because we were unable to produce enough, and if we all shared in that poverty, we might regret our lot but we could not complain. This is not so, however. We live in an age of vast productivity and it is an indisputable economic fact, for example, that the family of many an agricultural labourer is undernourished not because there is an insufficiency of food in the world but because a superabundance has glutted the markets of an anti-social industrial system.

### Growing Wings

## 'Doing Time' in the Air

By FILSON YOUNG

COME with me on the last and longest solo flight of my pupilage. It was the end of my flying tuition, for on the next day my papers were sent in to the Aero Club and the Air Ministry, and my certificate and licence issued. This flight was the climax to the rather anxious experiences of the last days. I booked two successive periods on a fine afternoon between 3.20 and 4.40. I still had to be what is called 'given a landing' before being sent off for myself to make sure that I had not forgotten how to take off and land, and so, once more, I strapped myself into the Avro which had been the scene of all my struggles. The first landing I misjudged and went round again. The next was moderately good and, after the third, my instructor got out of the machine and said 'You've got fifty-five minutes to put in, haven't you? I think you've just time to do it. There's your light; good luck!'

### A Five-Minute Circuit

'Fifty-five minutes', I said to myself as I rose and circled over the familiar orchard and canal bridge, and left the great gasometer on my right as I climbed; 'that ought to pass soon, and then I shall have finished'. When you come to think of it, that was a strange thought to have in my mind at the moment when I had realised my desires and ambitions and was in sole charge of a beautiful aeroplane, a thousand feet up in the air—a position and a moment for which I had toiled very hard; but there it was.

It was one of those afternoons which are very sunny from

It is in these circumstances that I beg of you who listen in comfortable homes and who, despite your business and possibly domestic worries are nevertheless above the sheer struggle for bread-and-butter and can choose how you shall enjoy yourselves and what you will do with your spare time, to remember that millions of your fellow-citizens find their liberty and their freedom circumscribed and fettered at every point because of their severely limited means and their economic insecurity. And I want you to remember that among these millions are millions of small children who, as the result of the accident of birth, are denied a whole host of desirable, and even necessary, things, and whose freedom and liberty to enjoy health, happiness and even mental vigour is severely reduced by circumstances of an economic character. It is, I suggest, therefore the case that only under the economic system known as Socialism or collectivism can the individual realise the maximum degree of freedom. Political freedom is of great value in itself, but even in a politically free nation like ours it is difficult or impossible for some citizens, particularly in rural areas, freely to express their thoughts for fear of economic consequences that may come to them by means of victimisation as regards employment or other forms of social and economic boycott.

### Task for the Twentieth Century

The struggle of the nineteenth century was to achieve political and civic liberty; the struggle of the twentieth century must be to achieve social and economic liberty. The individuals of a nation cannot be free as long as the material wealth of the nation is principally owned and controlled by a minority and used for their personal profit. In such circumstances it is inevitable that the masses of the people who have no capital must be dependent for employment and a livelihood on those who have. If freedom and liberty for the individual of the fullest practicable kind is to be achieved the nation collectively must own, control and plan the material sources of wealth.

I pay my tribute to those who fought and suffered in the struggle for freedom throughout the ages. And so I bid my hearers join in the good fight for those fundamental social and economic changes which will complete the work of the pioneers. And in your private lives I beg of you to be tolerant of the views of others, even if you do not like them, for freedom of thought can be crushed by individual intolerance as well as by the tyranny of Governments.

the ground but rather hazy from the air, when a kind of film lies over the landscape, and blurs and softens the places and things you are trying to recognise. But the bit of country I was over had too many landmarks to make that a matter of difficulty. According to the regulations, I was supposed not to fly more than three miles away from the aerodrome; but, as that would bring me round the familiar circuit every three minutes, I decided to take a larger view in order to put in the time. I had still a wholesome fear of losing sight of familiar landmarks. The outstanding mark for our aerodrome is the high grey gasometer at Southall; when you have found that, you have found Heston. But a hazy day will make that invisible a few miles away; and it behoves you to keep a sharp lookout for other landmarks. These are the two great sheets of water of the Staines reservoirs; the Great Western Railway main line; the Great West Road; Fairey aerodrome and the Hanworth Park aerodrome. I decided that I would extend my circuit by going down the Bath road to Slough, turning left to Windsor, fly round Hanworth aerodrome and so back to Heston. Quite a little journey. It would take you an hour in a motor-car. I did it. After my restricted circuits and landings I had quite a sense of travel and adventure when I arrived back. I looked at the watch—five minutes. Well, you know that was as far as I could go without getting into serious trouble, so there was nothing for it but to do it again. I tried to make the machine go slowly so as to make the journey last longer, but, throttling back as much as I dared, I did not seem able to travel at less



than eighty miles an hour with any sense of security, unless I went on climbing higher; and, at 3,000 feet, the mist on the ground made things rather obscure, so that sometimes I lost sight of everything except the Staines reservoir. After long journeys, as it seemed to me, long surveys of a wide stretch of country, I looked at the clock and found I had done only ten minutes of my fifty-five. Then I remembered an instruction of Captain Baker's, which was to go down and do a landing occasionally, or, at any rate, fly low across the aerodrome to correct my sense of height. So I decided to do a landing. I made a nice approach, glided down to within thirty feet of the ground; and then decided that perhaps I would not land after all. I was well enough in the air, but suppose something happened to interrupt my flying? So I opened the throttle and flew off again and made another journey to Staines, and, at the end of five minutes, was back again—forty minutes still to go.

### 'Quite a Tolerable Landing'

I can't tell you how long that time seemed to me. I was in fact 'doing time' in the air, like any convict sentenced to penal servitude. To vary the monotony, I remembered Captain Ferguson's tuition, and tried to do things with the compass and watch the needle on turns between north-east and north-west. But, in doing that, I suddenly lost my sheet anchor, the Staines reservoir. After a hasty survey of Middlesex, I decided that I would keep my eyes on the ground and on the nose of the machine, and confine my compass studies to the little movable cockpit in the navigation school.

Then my conscience began to smite me that I was not doing what my instructor had told me to do, and that I had really better make a landing, as I would have to do it when my 'sentence' in the air had expired. So I came in, pretending to myself that I had just done a simple circuit, looked very resolutely ahead of the machine, and not over the side, and made quite a tolerable landing. Taxi-ing out again was fun; I did it as slowly as possible, and, with the watchful eye from the control tower glaring at me, managed to waste a couple of minutes adjusting my goggles and helmet.

I took off again, pretending that it was an adventure to go and visit the Staines reservoir, trying to pretend that it was an entirely new adventure! Twenty minutes had now passed—still thirty-five to go. How I longed for a machine in the air that would fly at ten miles an hour and let me light a pipe and lean back and look at the landscape! But a notice in the cockpit said: 'No Smoking'; the air speed indicator showed something like 100 miles an hour; and the song of the engine and of the wind reminded me that the air was no place for repose. So I went on trying to take an intelligent interest in the Great West Road which, from the air, looks the reverse of great, being indeed a mere ribbon, alive with a crawling growth of lice—to wit, motor-cars.

Are you getting tired of this? You can't be as tired of it as I was. The only thing that moved slowly was the minute hand of that watch. But at last it approached the figure which I calculated would see the termination of my period. I thought I would give myself plenty of time in case I made a bad landing and had to go round again; naturally, therefore, I made a good landing, and taxied in and placed my machine nicely in the imposing row of Avros outside the Flying School. I got out of the machine and went into the Club House—a little ashamed of feeling so glad that it was all over.

### Was It Worth While?

Well, the time has come to answer the question which so many listeners have asked me—What is the upshot of it all? Was it worth while? Was it worth the cost in time and money and effort and strain? The answer to that must be a two-fold one. Was it worth it for myself, and is it worth it for others? With no hesitation at all, I answer that for anyone under fifty years of age who has ordinary health, it is well worth it. For myself, I can also say that I consider it has been well worth while to learn to fly. I am already beginning to forget the times when I felt inclined to give it up, and am heartily glad that I didn't.

If you are young, of course you must learn to fly, and, if you are what young people call 'old' (whether you feel it or not), my advice still is—learn to fly. Although you may feel it is adding years to your life, it will keep you young. The only complementary advice I would give to people of mature age is—don't attempt, in learning to fly, to economise in time or money; don't try to learn flying on the cheap. That may be all right for the young, who are quick to learn new things, adaptable, and without apprehensive imagination. But, for older people, I have no hesitation in saying that the more time you give to your flying course, the better airman or airwoman you will be.

### The Pleasures of Setting Out and Arriving

And learn to fly more than one kind of machine. There is a great deal of difference between an Avro and a Gull, between a Moth and a Klemm, but, once you have found the difference between any two, you will have mastered one of the great lessons of flying—which is to respond to the requirements of the machine. And that will teach you the other great lesson in which I would embody what I have learnt of flying: that is, take care of the machine, and it will take care of you. Most accidents in flying are due to abuse of the machine, asking it to do something which it is unwilling or unfitted to do. The sooner you get on intimate terms with your aeroplane and make your flying a partnership between it and you, the safer your flying will be. And remember that, for most people, the pleasure of flying lies not in trans-continental flights, but in making small journeys from one airport to another. Like yachting in enclosed waters, the chief interest is in the setting out and arriving. And isn't that really the chief interest of all journeys? The one idea of a horse in his stable is to get out into the open world, and, once out there, his next ambition is to get back into the pleasant stable. So with an aeroplane. The moment of taking off is lovely—it is to me the greatest pleasure in flying, and next to it, I would say, is the pleasure of arriving. (No! I did not say landing.) I love that delicious sinking feeling of the machine when you have closed the throttle and turned into wind, with the nose down and the aerodrome before you. It is your last moment of bliss in the air; you have at least ten or twenty seconds before you have to face the crucial decision as to when and how much that stick must be moved, to give you a sweet three-point landing.

And, finally, there is in flying the pleasure of height, and the enlargement of vision and horizon that it gives, and in clear weather, the higher you go, the more you see.

If I could climb a higher tree  
Farther and farther I should see . . .  
To where the grown-up river slips  
Into the sea among the ships.

That is where flying, as they say, 'gets' you. I may think just for the moment that I have had enough of flying; but I know very well that I shall be back at the aerodrome before very long; the flying school, the bar, the pleasant restaurant with its gay meals and company will often draw me again. And years hence—perhaps long after I am dead—my spirit will haunt those scenes and places that have become so familiar; and particularly frequent that north-east corner of the aerodrome, over the orchard, over the little red roofs under which people's lives are being lived out; over the canal bridge, over the grey fence—gliding, floating, landing—landing on the shore of dreams.

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# Gypsy Ways

By GYPSY PETULENGRO

*Gypsy Petulengro is the grandson of Tinker Petulengro immortalised by George Borrow*

THE Romanies are not Egyptians, nor descendants of Egyptians, as many people seem to think. The Romanies are descendants of the Berbers, who trekked to practically every country in the world, and it is from that race that my maternal ancestors came. They crossed over to Sicily, Italy, wandered into Greece and Turkey, Bulgaria and Rumania; then into Hungary and Germany. Others came *via* Malaga, Spain, into France and across to England and Wales.

Passing through the different countries, they added many words of each language to their own, and now the language of the British Romany is as mixed as the pickle with the fifty-seven varieties.

Many of the old Romany customs are dying out in England. There are very few of the British Romanies who were married by the rite of blood-mingling, but the Albanian Romanies still practise it. The hand of the bridegroom is first cut, then the hand of the bride is cut, and when the blood flows the hands are clasped together, and the two are made one, they say.

The Romany *chis* and *chals* get betrothed by the *chumeedav*, the Romany love-kiss, and generally consider this more sacred than a *Gorgio Rackler* would a ten-guinea engagement ring. The Romany *chis* and *chals* don't kiss much, but when they do they mean it.

At the ceremony of marriage the usual custom was pelting the bride with flour and yellow ochre, and it certainly sticks on a lot longer than the *Gorgio's* confetti. After the ceremony the first present the couple receives is a loaf of bread. That means a 'Wish for Plenty, all through life'. The real Romany used to 'jump over the sticks' hand in hand with the bride (or *borah*) and even now, although the Romanies frequently marry in church or a Registrar's office, they still hold their own little private ceremony of jumping over the *kash*.

In my young days, like many gypsy *chavis*, as they called the kiddies, I was taught all the tricks of the trade in earning a living. The Romanies are very versatile, and there isn't much a Romany wants to do that he can't find out a way to do. My first job was peg-making. Then I made whips from rushes that grow in the ponds. Then I was taught how to make flowers from the pith of the rushes. Then I made flowers from *coggies* (turnips). The white roses from the white turnip, and the cream ones from the swede variety. A drop of cochineal and we'd have them every colour you could desire. The Romanies are all fairly good at tinkering. Our old ancestors

were all good coppersmiths and I suppose we all naturally inherit their skill. I still make rings, brooches, bangles, and tie-pins with my fingers and have no machinery at all.

Now, as you are aware, there are many things that can be sold without a licence for peddling. These things must either be perishable or made from natural materials. That is why we only use thorns from the hedge

for pinning the ivy leaf to the turnip flower instead of pins, and why we use a piece of the skin of the rush to tie up the ends of the whips. No string or cotton must be used, otherwise it means a licence to sell them. The *plastramengros* (policemen) know all the ropes of these laws as well as we do!

There are many ways of earning money besides these. For instance, in the blackberry season, the Romany *chavis* pick many pecks of blackberries which are sold to the fruiterers, and in the autumn the Romany *chals* and *chis* are the early birds where mushrooms are concerned, and there is always a ready market for them. Again, nearly every one of the Romany girls can make beautiful lace, and nets of all kinds, from a potato net to a rabbit net, and the men can make the nets too, and we all know how to use them as well.

Talking about rabbit nets: here's an old trick for *nashkadoen dur shooshie* which means 'trapping the rabbit'. We make up a 'smoker' as follows: cut strips of brown paper, about two feet long and three inches wide. Soak them in a solution of vinegar and saltpetre.

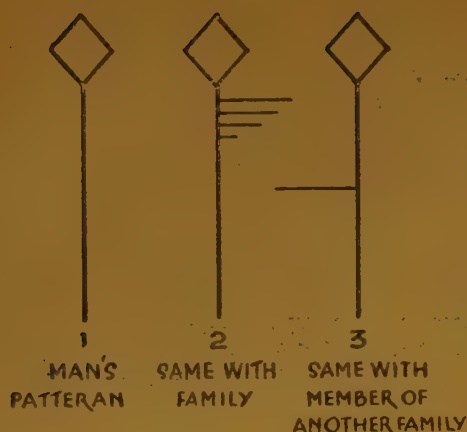
Then dust them over with a little cayenne pepper, dry them, and roll them up. Place one in the windward side of a rabbit hole, and light it with a match. Then place the rabbit net over the bolt hole. Mr. Shooshie will soon be sneezing and run out for a breather. Then into the net he goes, and he's a lot nicer to eat than when he's been peppered with shots, and it's not cruel like a steel trap; and, besides, there's no noise and we should just hate to disturb the *canniemoosh* (the gamekeeper) from his sleep!

When the Romany pitches his *vardo*, he generally does so where there is water handy. It doesn't matter whether it is a river, or a pond, so long as it is water. We can always make it pure for drinking, and this is a tip for you, too. Get a large earthen flowerpot, the ones with a hole at the bottom. Over the hole lay three or four iron nails. Then put in the bottom a piece or two of chalk and about 6 inches thick of powdered charcoal. On top of this put some sand, and you've got one of the best filters in the world. Pour water in the pot and let it



Turnip roses, necklace and ring made by Gypsy Petulengro





Romany signs specially drawn for THE LISTENER by Gypsy Petulengro

run through the hole in the bottom into your water-jug or can. Try this and see what clear sparkling water you will get and you'll enjoy doing it.

I suppose you've often seen the gypsies making tracks for the villages and wondered how they manage to evade one another's territory. Well, there's a sign or *patteran*, as the Romanies call it in England. These signs are used all over the world wherever gypsies are. In Germany they call it the *Zinken*, which means sign. The French Romanies say *dessin*, which, I think, means design. In England, as I remarked, they call it the *patteran*, which I think is a mix-up from the English word 'pattern'. Each man has his *patteran*. One, for instance, is a replica of a Belisha beacon. If the man who has that *patteran* has taken a certain road he'd draw a ring first, then the 'shank' to the ring, pointing to the way he has taken. If his wife is with him, he makes a mark on the right-hand side of the 'shank' about 3 inches long. If he has any children with him he draws smaller lines under them. If he has a member of another family with him he draws the lines on the left-hand side, three inches for an adult; two inches for a boy or girl of fourteen to eighteen; one inch for a youngster.

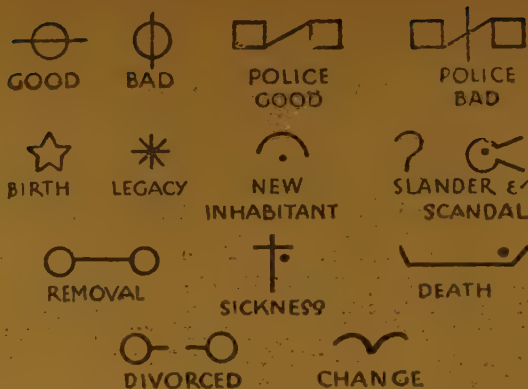
If he hasn't a special *patteran* of his own, then he places a head of grass—head pointing to the road he has gone. The others following take another fork in the road. There are also signs which the Romany puts on your wall or your gate to tell his friends what kind of a person lives there. Whether you're one of the kind-hearted ones or otherwise: and, in their own words, whether you're *cooshti* or *wafodi*.

Of course, you all like to hear of gypsy curses and gypsy charms. There's more in them than you as *Gorgios* can believe. I have seen a fruit tree that was cursed wither away and never bear fruit again. Perhaps you have heard of the legend of the English family who had a curse put upon them that every one of the children would die from a violent death. Up to the present they all have.

Now I'll tell you of a quaint happening that did occur and this I can vouch for because I was there, and there are many folks living in a little village in Suffolk who will remember it. I had a brother who married a *Gorgio* girl; that means she was not a *Romany chi*, and she said she didn't believe in curses or anything in the way of uncanny events through them.

Well, there is an old Romany custom of *yagging the vardo*, that means burning the caravan after the death of the owner. The Romany idea is to 'free the spirit of the departed one' and not to make him 'earthbound'. When my brother was dying he requested that she should *yag the vardo*. She replied that she thought it foolish and should not think of it. He said, 'You'll be glad to when I'm gone. I'll curse it if you don't'. Well, he died, and the day he was buried we were all inside the caravan when it was struck with lightning. It didn't burn then, but she changed her mind quickly after that and had it burnt.

Years ago, even in this country, Romanies used to bury their own dead, and many a Romany lies in the hedgerow of a country lane. At Denham, Buckinghamshire, there is a place called Carter's Lane, and in the hedgerow there was, and I



think still is, a stone with the name of an old Romany on it, who is buried there.

We Romanies seldom visit the *mulla-moosh-engro*, that means, dead-man-maker, and is our name for doctor. We Romanies make good use of herbs for our ailments, and here are some that will be found most useful for many little general ailments. Most of man's little ills originate from the liver. Keep that in good order and you won't go wrong. If you go to a chemist's and ask for *Decoctum Taraxaci* you'll get it. But if you boil up one ounce of dandelion root in a pint and a half of water for about ten minutes you'll get the same thing. There is nothing better than this for a liver

complaint, and it works wonders for sufferers of rheumatism. Now try this one if you happen to be sufferers from blood pressure. One ounce of the leaves of the common stinging nettle. Pour over them one pint of boiling water. Let it stand until it is cold and take a wineglassful twice a day. Of course, you strain it before drinking it. Here's a real treat for you, especially if you are fond of spinach. Gather some young nettle leaves, boil them for a few minutes, and, when cooked, run them through a wire sieve, a fine meshed one, of course, the same as you folks use in the kitchen. Then re-heat it and serve it up with a couple of nice chops. The menfolk will give you a compliment and ask for more.

It doesn't cost the Romany much for the best vegetables in spring and early summer. Dandelion leaves and sorrel leaves are the foundation of the world's best salad and there'd be no pimply faces if everyone used these natural blood purifiers. Here's a lumbago cure that won't fail you. Get from a good old-fashioned chemist two-pennyworth of Venice turpentine, roll it in ordinary miller's flour until it comes as thick as dough. Then make it into pills and take two or three pills the size of small peas when you retire. There'll be no lumbago next morning. And it costs only 'tuppence' to cure six people! We get the turpentine from the pine trees.

For gastritis get one ounce of the bark from the ordinary oak tree. Boil it for twenty minutes in a quart of water. Strain it and take a tablespoonful twice a day after meals. You'll be able to digest pen nibs after a week's treatment!

## Figurehead

Motionless goes the ship  
as land and ocean  
part with relative motion.

I watch the harbour lights  
take place among the stars  
in the western house.

With speed they change  
recede, the land  
opens away for sight,  
the eyeball rolling up  
from the vacant socket of night.

I play no part, but see  
resemblances to death's catastrophe.

K. J. RAINE



*The Listener's Music*

## Two Bach Choral Works

*Bach's 'Passion according to St. John' will be performed by the Philharmonic Choir and the B.B.C. Orchestra on Good Friday at 7.30 p.m.; and the B minor Mass by the B.B.C. Choir and Orchestra at Queen's Hall on May 10 at 8.30 p.m.*

THE St. John Passion was for long overshadowed by the greater and more mature St. Matthew setting, and although it is now recognised as one of Bach's greatest works it still takes the lower place, and on good grounds. These grounds are concerned with the libretto and construction rather than with the music, and have had little effect on the popular appeal of the work, judging from the increasing number of performances during recent years. The defects, due chiefly to the conditions under which the work was written (haste being one) cannot be fully discussed. It will suffice to consider the one that is most easily realised, because it can be shown by a simple comparison.

One of the points in which the St. John Passion differs markedly from the St. Matthew is in Bach's treatment of the portions technically known as the *turbæ*—the utterances of groups of people—and this difference is shown especially in his settings of the outcries of the crowd. In the St. Matthew Passion his sense of fitness led him to revert to primitive models, in which such passages were set briefly, partly for practical reasons (the ceremonial presentation of the story of the Passion being, at its shortest, a lengthy affair) and partly no doubt because of an instinctive feeling that directness was near to dramatic truth and effect. In the St. John setting the *turbæ* are sometimes extended into choruses of an oratorio type. A few comparisons of instances where the words are similar will make this clear. The two 'Crucify' choruses in the later work are each nine bars long, the music being the same but the second made more emphatic by being placed a tone higher. The first of the two corresponding choruses in the St. John is twenty-three bars long and the second twenty-seven. In the setting of 'Hail, Thou King of the Jews', the respective lengths are four and twelve bars. The shout of 'Barabbas' in the St. Matthew Passion is overwhelming because it consists of the one word uttered with terrible unanimity; in the St. John this directness could hardly be attained, because the text is longer—'Not this man, but Barabbas'. But, even so, Bach writes four bars where two would have sufficed, and there is a weakening repetition of words.

Throughout there is thus a considerable loss on the dramatic side, but the musical results are of a splendour that amply compensates. The 'Crucify' choruses in the St. John are so right musically that we forget that they are wrong dramatically. In both Passions Bach's use of dissonance on the word 'Crucify' is striking, but most of us will probably agree that the grinding major seventh (treble high G against the alto A flat) with which the first of the St. John choruses opens, and which persists throughout in various keys, is the more arresting. (The listener should observe how this dissonance is afterwards worked into the chorus 'Away with Him', and combined with a new upward-surging theme sung in thirds by pairs of voices in turn.)

Bach's oratorio method is shown most of all in the chorus 'Let us not divide it'. Here the need was for no more than a representation of the group of soldiers deciding to cast lots: a few bars of a conversational type would have sufficed. But Bach writes a highly developed fugal chorus of nearly sixty bars! The effect is that of a wrangling and excited crowd rather than of a small group of men talking, yet so vital is the music that few would wish a note of it away. We can even overlook, for the sake of the musical result, so bad a blunder on the dramatic side as the use of the same music for the choruses 'Hail, Thou King of the Jews' and 'Write thou not the King of the Jews'. The music ought to express the world of difference there is between the crowd's jeering salutation and the Chief Priests' injunction to Pilate. And so the fault-finding might go on without derogating in the least from the grandeur of the work as a musical composition. The choral writing shows Bach at his best, especially, perhaps, the opening chorus ('full', says Spitta truly, 'of a dark unapproachable grandeur'); the solos are generally of a high order; e.g. the

bass arias, 'Haste! poor souls ensnared' with the chorus breaking in from time to time with the question 'O where?' and 'My Lord and Saviour', in which the soloist is accompanied by the chorus singing a hymn long associated with the Crucifixion.

The St. John Passion would, in fact, have been the finest example of its type had not Bach put it in the second place by writing the even finer St. Matthew version.

A few words on the origin and development of choral settings of the Passion may be useful. In the early Church it was the custom on Good Friday to substitute for the reading of the Gospel at Mass a more circumstantial method, akin to drama, one of the officiants delivering the narrative and his two colleagues the words of Jesus and Pilate; the utterances of the crowd and the chief priests were given to the choir. The music consisted of simple inflections. The method was continued by the Reformed Church in Germany, and early in the sixteenth century composers began to replace portions of the traditional plainsong by choral settings. The interpolation of reflective solos and choruses was an almost inevitable step; and the congregational element was supplied by the use of familiar hymns. Many German composers before and after Bach produced examples; Schütz, one of the greatest of Bach's predecessors, wrote four, which influenced Bach himself.

As Parry points out, the Passion settings were peculiarly Teutonic in their mixture of emotional appeal and reflection—so much so that they exemplify some aspects of musical nationalism discussed in last week's article.

Concerning the B minor Mass little more is needed than a reminder of the date of its performance. The work is universally regarded as one of the twin peaks of Bach's achievement in choralism, the other being the St. Matthew Passion. It has long been familiar in England, having been the cornerstone on which Bach culture in this country was founded. The Bach Choir (whose performance of the St. Matthew Passion was broadcast on Sunday, April 7) was founded in 1875 with the special aim of studying the Mass. The members were amateurs, and they worked under the direction of Otto Goldschmidt, the husband of Jenny Lind, who herself assisted in the training of the women singers. The Choir performed the Mass twice in the following year. In America the work has also become well known through its annual performance by the Bethlehem Bach Choir (Pennsylvania) founded in 1900 by Fred Wollé.

A factor that has conduced to the popularity of the Mass is the familiarity of everybody with its structure and text. In its original form the work was Lutheran in type—that is, a 'short' Mass, lacking Credo, Sanctus, and Agnus Dei. Later, Bach completed it on Roman lines, though it was obviously never intended for liturgical use. Although it dates from different periods, and includes material drawn by Bach from his earlier compositions, it achieves a unified blend of beauty and grandeur unexcelled among choral works.

HARVEY GRACE

A comprehensive review of British broadcasting during the last five years is contained in *The B.B.C. Annual*, 1935 (2s. 6d., or 3s. by post). This publication has taken the place of the former *B.B.C. Year Book*, because, as the preface explains, it was desired 'to present listeners with an integrated picture of the B.B.C.'s activities as a whole instead of, as formerly, a number of vignettes'. In addition to the five-year review, the Home and Empire services during 1934 are the subject of special articles, and a large coloured diagram shows the percentage allocation to the various classes of programme items in fifteen different countries. 'The Forum', in which such well-known writers and artists as Professor Ernest Barker, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinnson, Mr. Hamilton Fyfe, Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Ernest Newman give their views on broadcasting, is an important feature of the new annual.



## Art

# The Art of Diego Rivera

By ANTHONY BLUNT

IN the recent history of the arts nothing is at first sight more puzzling than the complete failure of the Soviet Union to produce a new movement in the visual arts. It is not to be expected that reactionary movements such as Fascism or National Socialism should lead to any novel discoveries in the æsthetic field, but it is surprising that so complete and progressive a social revolution as that which has occurred in Russia should, in the sixteen years that it has had to establish itself, not yet have produced any art at all commensurable with its political achievements. But an analogy may make this fact more comprehensible. When Christianity brought about a fundamental change in men's attitude towards the universe it took several centuries before any style was developed in the arts which could be called specifically Christian. In the intervening period artists imitated traditional Roman pagan styles, adapting them just as much as was essential for their purposes. In the same way artists in the Soviet Union seem still to be floundering about in the aping of bourgeois styles. But considering the long time-lag of Christian art on Christianity we should in reality not be astonished at the unproductiveness of a State still struggling with practical difficulties. We should rather be surprised to find that Communism has in America actually led to a new movement

in painting, represented by a group of artists, mainly Mexican in origin. Of these one of the most distinguished is Diego Rivera, a selection of whose paintings has just been brought to the notice of the English public in his *Portrait of America*\*.

We can best see the novelties in Rivera's style by considering the various tendencies in European painting in the last fifty years. In this we may distinguish three main groups. First there is in all countries the official style of painting, supported by the official institutions, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, the Salon and the Royal Academy, and catering directly for the conservative sections of the public. This class of painting has always preserved a high level of technical efficiency and has never lost its respect for the exact imitation of nature. On the other hand it has always been an art of escape, offering to its public a carefully planned satisfaction of those tastes which are difficult to satisfy in real life and a pleasant alternative world to the dull or disagreeable world of reality. In England, where the natural leanings of the public are for literature rather than for the visual arts, academic painting has relied largely on appeal of subject matter, and the anecdotal style has

flourished. In France the appeal has in general been made more directly to the senses through the eye.

A second and quantitatively much smaller group in recent painting has been formed by the Satirists such as Forain, Rouault and Rouveyre. They are to be connected with that section of the bourgeoisie which, when the situation threatens to become too disagreeable, splits off and attacks its own class. This happened in the decades before the French Revolution and it has happened in the last fifty years. The painters of this group are literary and social, in the sense that they seem to be

impelled to paint, not by a desire to create a pure work of art, but by a strong feeling about some practical social problem. But their comments on life are purely negative and destructive; they point to the futility of capitalist civilisation, but they offer no alternative.

The third and most important group of painters forms the tradition which has developed out of the early Post-Impressionists, leading to Cubism and now to Surrealism. The Impressionists made a new and significant discovery about the outside world, about the behaviour of light in changing the colour of objects. The new methods resulting from this discovery they applied to a very limited range of problem, so that it may be said that all pure Impressionist paintings are only experi-

mental, and it was left for their heirs, Cézanne and Seurat, to apply the methods to giving a new and complete picture of the real world around them. Seurat's 'La Baignade' marks the height of this movement. It is not merely a study in lights and forms, but is also directly topical, a realistic rendering of contemporary life; it is in fact a picture of Sunday afternoon. But even at this stage the movement contained in itself the elements of its decay. The devices which the Post-Impressionists had used to state their views about the outside world were used by their successors for their own sake, as ends not as means. Seurat's technique of colour division was used to make mere colour patterns; Cézanne's form division to make mere form patterns. So art was launched on a new kind of mannerism, which led to an ever-increasing separation of painting from nature. As in general happens in periods of great social insecurity, artists were forced to turn in on themselves out of despair with the external situation. In this case the result was Cubism, an art of almost geometrical abstraction, followed by Surrealism, which represents the final retreat of the artist in the face of a hopeless reality, leading him to surrender him-



The 'Imperialism' Panel from the New Workers' school murals in New York. Among the many episodes introduced is the Gran Chaco War

\*Portrait of America. By Diego Rivera. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.





Man with gas mask. Detail from the Detroit frescoes

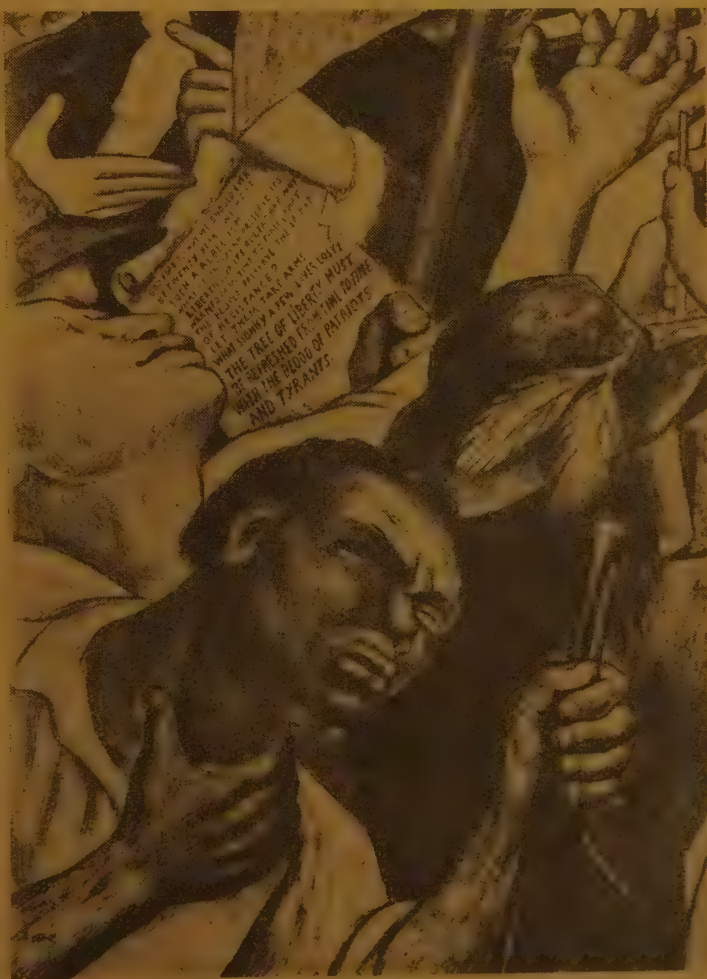
self entirely to his own subconscious. The development from Seurat to Picasso was, therefore, a period of inactivity as regards discoveries about the outside world, but it was not one of stagnation. Important discoveries were constantly being made about the means which painting can use. New ideas about composition were developed, and, in general, the architectural aspects of painting were again thoroughly studied.

Rivera is entirely different from all the groups of painters discussed above. Unlike the last group, he is, generally speaking, realistic in style, and he is in the closest possible touch with the outside world—in touch, that is to say, not only with the world of external appearances like the Impressionists, but with the whole of active life, particularly with politics. But he is not to be confused with the satirical kind of political or social painter, like Forain, for his contribution is positive. He does not merely attack the present system, but sets forth the principles of a positive solution for its evils. All his paintings are conscious expositions of Communism. He appeals, therefore, like the academic painters, to a particular class, but to the proletariat, not to the conservative section of society.

Rivera's aims in painting are therefore different from those of recent painters, but that does not mean that he has learnt nothing from them. On the contrary, his earlier work shows that he has experimented in almost all the more lively styles current in the last thirty years. From each he has taken what he wanted, but the means which he has acquired in this way he has applied to his own ends. From the Cubist period he has learnt how to manage intricate compositions such as those of his Workers' School frescoes. From Picasso he has learnt a simplification of form appropriate to his monumental proletarian figures. From some of the minor Cubists, perhaps, he guessed what could be done in the way of painting machinery. But all the knowledge which he has acquired has been put to the service of expounding his views on the class struggle for its ultimate solution. In the earlier frescoes in Mexico he dealt mainly with the exploitation of the peasants by the landowners, this theme

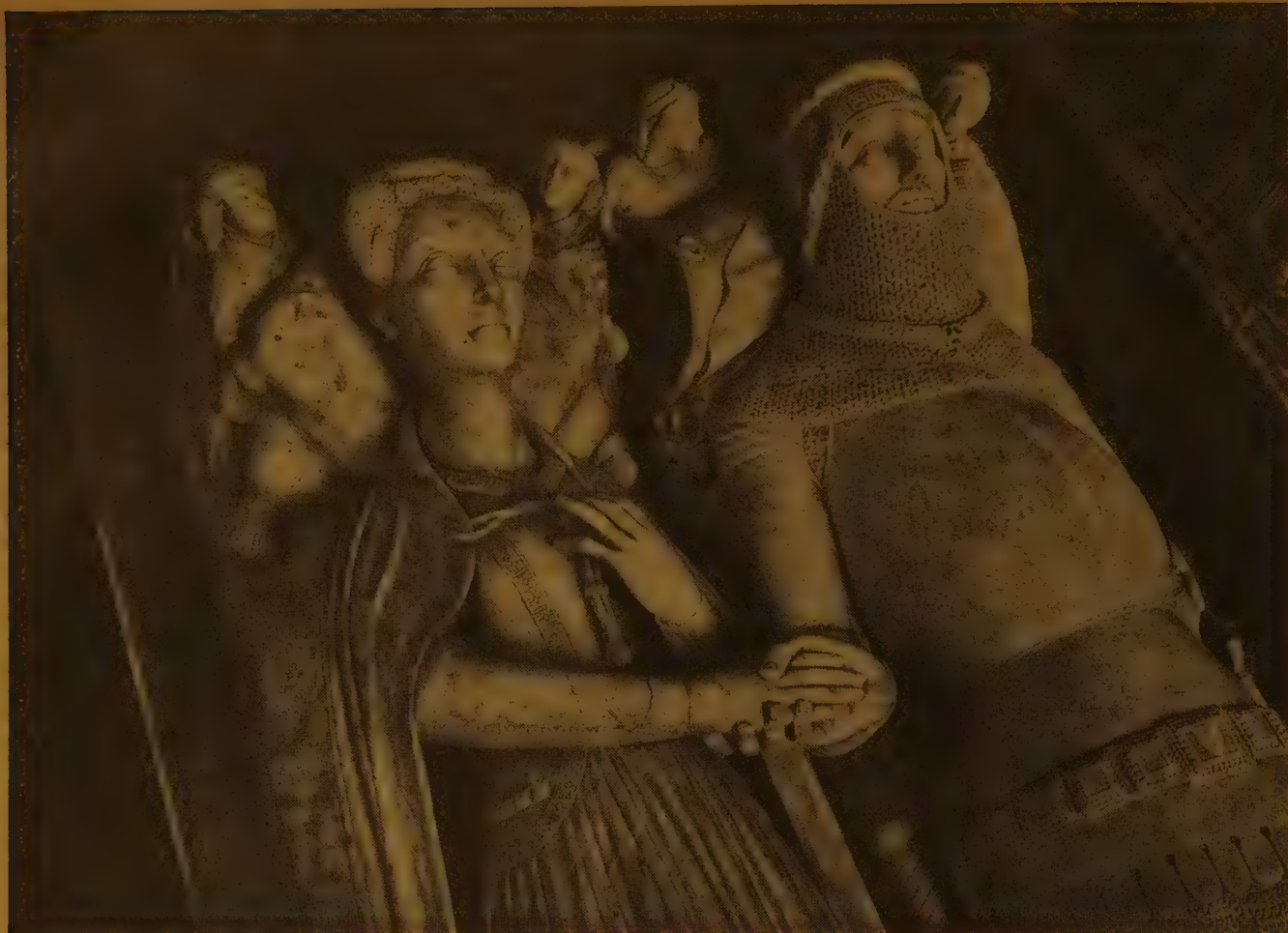
being appropriate to an agricultural country. The most important of the frescoes in the United States, reproduced in *Portrait of America*, consist of a series illustrating the class struggle in America from the colonisation till the present day, and these are addressed to the workers. But whatever the class to which they are immediately addressed, the ultimate object of the paintings is always propaganda. His purpose is to expound the lesson of Communism, just as that of the mediæval artist was to expound the lesson of Christianity. It is, in fact, striking how many tricks of mediæval art he has revived, perhaps unconsciously, in his style: the introduction of legends commenting on the scene depicted; the principal figures often shown holding a scroll on which their most important utterances are written; the depiction in a single fresco of different scenes which form a single composition because they bear on the same theme. These mediæval methods are inevitable because of a community of aim between Rivera and the mediæval artist, but the former labours under one great difficulty compared with the latter, for in the Middle Ages the artist was dealing with themes and characters already well known to his audience from a long tradition, whereas Rivera has to make his figures identifiable by detailed realism, and can rely neither on the ability of his audience to catch a slight allusion nor on the convenient shorthand of a traditional symbolism. He is therefore most completely at ease in a panel like the 'Imperialism' from the Workers' School or the Detroit frescoes of mechanised industry, in which he is dealing less with individuals than with general types.

It would perhaps be more accurate to say that Rivera has revived propagandist rather than religious art, the former being the larger category of which the latter is a subdivision, but in any case the comparison with mediæval Christian art is irresistible and important, for if mediæval art was the Bible of the Illiterate, Rivera's frescoes are the *Capital* of the Illiterate.



Head of a Negro; detail from the 'Revolution and Reaction' Panel in the New Workers' School cycle, New York





Connubial felicity portrayed in stone: the Arderne Tomb (1391) in Elford Church, Staffordshire

F. H. Crossley

### *The Village Church*

## *Fashions in Tombs and Monuments*

By E. A. GREENING LAMBORN

**I**F a man of the Middle Ages could rise from his tomb in the church and look around him, the change that would strike him most forcibly would be the loss of colour. Walls and windows glowed with it, like a child's picture book, and indeed they were a picture book and their purpose was not only decoration but instruction. They were meant to teach the worshipper the great events of his religion. If you look at the small upper lights of the windows, you will be almost sure to see some fragments of coloured glass, shining like jewels, and they will give you a faint idea of what the whole window looked like when it was full of similar glass.

It is not difficult to get a rough idea of the date of these fragments. There is not much, in village churches, that is earlier than the fourteenth century, but if you see a bit of yellow glass you may suspect it is older, for after 1300, yellow was got by staining white glass with silver nitrate; so if you find white and gold on the same piece you may know it is not very early. Fragments of the fourteenth century will usually show natural leafage, most frequently oak leaves and acorns with little gold cups of yellow stain. If a complete figure of this date is left, it may be known by its pose: it will bend in a double curve like a pulled out capital S. This S or ogee curve is the most constant feature of the fourteenth century; you find it in the tracery of the windows, in the arches over tombs and sometimes over the heads of doors and windows. The figures you will be most likely to find are those of the four evangelists. You will know them easily by reason of their symbols: a human face for St. Matthew, because his gospel begins with the human descent of our Lord; a lion for St. Mark because he begins with the voice crying in the wilderness; an ox for St. Luke because the ox was the animal offered

as a sacrifice, and St. Luke's gospel begins with Zacharias the priest who offered sacrifice in the Temple; and an eagle for St. John who speaks of the light, which the eagle's eye is best fitted to face.

Golden castles, the badge of Eleanor of Castile, belong to the reigns of Edward I and II—generally to the first quarter of the fourteenth century. Five-petalled roses, red, white, or yellow, belong to the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries. Golden suns, which are very common, date from the Wars of the Roses, the third quarter of the fifteenth century. When the yellow stain on white glass is of a deep brassy colour, you may know it is late and probably of the days of Henry VIII.

More colour remains upon the walls than in the windows, because at the Reformation glass was smashed for good and all, while walls were merely whitewashed. Of late years a great many acres of whitewash have been skilfully scraped off and the pictures hidden beneath them brought to light again. Under the hands of Professor Tristram and Mr. E. T. Long the blank walls have changed like a negative in a developing dish and are revealing an astonishing wealth of interest, both artistic and historical. These wall-pictures are often spoken of as frescoes, but actually they were painted upon dry plaster, while frescoes, as the name implies, are painted while the walls are wet so that the colours become a part of the plaster.

Some of the painting, especially in the humbler churches, is purely decorative: the plaster may be simply painted with red lines to imitate masonry. This was especially common in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and it reminds us that it was always the practice to plaster the walls, both inside and out. Victorian architects scraped much of it off, pictures and all, but in so doing they showed their ignorance not only of



the practice of their predecessors, but also of their own craft, for stone exposed to the weather soon crumbles, and so the older and wiser builders protected it with a coat of roughcast. The pictorial painting shows single figures of saints, or scenes from their lives, or parables. Of all the saints St. Christopher was the most popular. In nine churches out of ten he was painted on the wall opposite the main doorway so that anyone passing the church in the morning might look in and get a sight of him: it was believed that those who did so were safe that day from battle, murder, or sudden death. A St. Christopher painted in the early fourteenth century has lately been uncovered at Wood Eaton and he bears a scroll with a sentence in old French which many Englishmen then spoke and most Englishmen understood: 'Who looks on me and halts to pray, no evil death shall die this day'. This belief caused travellers to begin their day's journey by turning aside to the open church, for a traveller's was then one of the dangerous professions. Christopher or Christ-bearer was believed to have been a giant who was asked by the infant Christ to carry Him over a river. The giant picked up the child and strode into the stream, and then found himself crushed beneath such a weight as even he could scarcely bear. That is how he is always shown, standing in mid-stream with fish about his bare legs, bowed beneath the weight of the child upon his shoulder, and leaning on a tree-trunk which he is using as a staff.

In the later pictures, in the fifteenth century, there is generally a hermit, who comes out of his little hermitage on the river bank with a lantern to light the giant across the stream, and very often there is an angler fishing nearby, though how he was supposed to know when he had a bite in the dark I can't say. The fish are always delightful and the pike is always the most conspicuous among them.

Another very popular saint was St. Catherine. She may be known by the wheel on which she was to have been martyred. Scenes from her life occur in a large number of churches. A very fine series has lately been uncovered at Little Missenden, one showing an angel with a sword smashing the wheel, and

the pieces flying about and knocking out the brains of the executioner. Other favourite pictures are the martyrdom of Becket, St. George killing the dragon, and St. Margaret, who also killed a dragon. Even more common was St. Michael, weighing a soul, in the shape of a tiny naked figure, in a great balance, with the Virgin Mother praying on one side and a devil hanging on to the other side of the scale and trying to drag it down.

Besides the saints there are parables or allegorical pictures. One is the wheel of fortune, a large wheel with a king seated at the top of it and a naked beggar clinging to the bottom. But the wheel is always shown on the turn and the King is just beginning to go down and the beggar to go up. Another very common parable is called 'The Three Living and the Three Dead'. It shows three kings or a king and two of his lords, old, young and middle-aged, richly dressed, mounted on fine horses and with hawks on their wrists, suddenly met by three skeletons who explain that they were once great lords and that very soon the three live men will be as they.

But the commonest painting of all must be looked for over the chancel arch. It was the Doom or Last Judgment, showing the dead rising out of their graves, naked, except that kings and queens have crowns and popes have triple tiaras to show their rank, and above all Christ seated in glory on a rainbow with the apostles on either side. On his right hand is the heavenly city with its towers and battlements, just like a mediæval walled city, with St. Peter standing at the gate with his keys, welcoming the saved. And on the left hand is the mouth of hell like the open mouth of a huge monster, full of teeth and flames, into which devils of most malignant aspect are dragging and pushing the lost souls with prongs and red-hot chains, or with claws more terrible than either.

To estimate the period of these paintings as well as of the effigies on the tombs in the church is a matter that becomes easy with very little practice. There was fashion even among angels: angels with six wings, for example, one pair covering the legs—there are thousands of them in our churches, in glass or painting or in carving in the roof, and they all belong to the



Painting of the Last Judgment formerly in the chancel arch of Wenham Church, Suffolk, showing the blessed ascending to heaven, while the damned, in chains, are suffering torments in hell

Will F. Taylor



Wall painting of St. Christopher from Poughill Church, Cornwall. The hermit with his lamp can be seen to the left of the Saint, while fishes and a mermaid swim about his legs

Courtauld Institute



fifteenth century. Usually they stand upon wheels as in the vision of Ezekiel. For human figures, the simplest and safest guide to date is the hair and the headdress. If a man's hair is thick with many a curl, the figure is early, before the middle of the fourteenth century. The most beautiful effigies are of this period. If it is merely wavy, it marks the fashion of the late fourteenth and early fifteenth centuries. If it is cut short above the ears, it belongs to the mid-fifteenth century, the ugliest fashion of hairdressing. If it hangs heavy and straight and is bobbed at the shoulders, it is in the fashion of the early Tudors, the half century between 1480 and 1530.

But if the figure is in armour, the head will be covered except in the later effigies. The curly hair will be hidden beneath a coif of chain-mail that hides everything but the eyes and nose. After that, for about a century, say from 1330 to 1430, a cap of steel was worn, pointed like the lower half of an egg, and thenceforward the knight's head is usually bare.

Ladies' heads are almost always covered. The early ones, that lie beside the curly-haired men or the mail-covered knights, look like nuns, with veils over their hair, and wimples covering their throats and chins. The contemporaries of the Black Prince and the Fair Maid of Kent, his wife, wear a close-fitting headdress, with frills running round the forehead and down the cheeks, like a baby's, or like an old-fashioned sun-bonnet, only tighter-fitting and without a poke in front. In the fifteenth century, women's fashions ran to extremes and head-dresses are very various, but they are all alike in being large and conspicuous, shaped on wire frames, some like sugar loaves a foot or two high, some a foot or two wide, some shaped like hearts or mitres, some shaped like butterflies. Any out-of-the-way headdress may safely be set down to the fifteenth century. In Tudor times the fashionable headgear was shaped like the front of a dog's kennel with a gable above the forehead and lappets hanging down over the ears to the shoulder, so framing the face.

The characteristic headgear of kings and bishops is as true to date as that of their subjects and their flocks. A priest, of course, is always distinguished by the tonsure, the shorn patch on the crown of the head. A king wears a crown and a bishop a mitre. If the figure is an early one these will be small and low, the crown a mere circlet or coronet, the mitre a low cap with a square point. But after the mid-fourteenth century, both crown and mitre began to grow taller, and by the end of the fifteenth the crown had an arched top like that of George V and the mitre had swelling, curved sides and stood up a foot or two above the bishop's head. As carved heads often occur as part of the architectural ornament of a church, a knowledge of their fashions is an important help in estimating the date of the work.

After the head the arms are the simplest guide to date. Sleeves tightly buttoned, with long rows of buttons from wrist to elbow, are worn by the early effigies both male and female. Baggy sleeves, like surplices, drawn in at the wrists, are the fashion of the fifteenth century, and sleeves with wide cuffs of fur, like those of modern aldermen, mark the effigies of the Tudor period.

The materials of which the effigies are made are five in number. The earliest are of Purbeck marble, a dark greyish-black, close-grained marble, in which small fossil-shells may be seen. It came from the Isle of Purbeck off the Dorset coast. That gave place, in the fourteenth century, to free-stone and brass, or rather latten, an alloy of zinc and copper. It was imported from Germany in slabs and was therefore known as Cullen plates. Figures were cut out of it in the flat and fitted into the gravestone. It is the commonest of all the materials

used for effigies after 1350. But alabaster from Derbyshire also became very popular in the fifteenth century: it is a very beautiful material, clear and semi-transparent, like wax. In districts where stone was scarce and oak trees plentiful, wooden effigies are often found. Painted and gilded they could not be distinguished from stone.

The special interest of the brass effigies is that you can so easily make copies of them to take away as pictures of costume. All you need is the permission of the vicar, which is very seldom refused, a duster, a roll of ceiling paper and a stick of heel-ball such as shoe-makers use. You dust the brass, cover it with the paper, rubbing it well down with

the duster, and then rub the paper with the heel-ball until the design on the brass appears in black and white. When you have rubbed until the black parts are really black—and that means a certain amount of elbow grease—you polish it with the duster, and your picture is complete. There are few parts of England in which you cannot get in this way a complete record of the costume, male and female, worn in England from the thirteenth century to the eighteenth.

The inscriptions that accompany the effigies have their fashions, like the effigies themselves. Their lettering is most beautiful in the earlier memorials, when every letter was rounded. After the middle of the fourteenth century black-letter came into fashion, the kind of lettering still used by newspapers to print their names at the top of the front page, made up almost entirely of straight downstrokes. Modern lettering, which is a return to Roman lettering, and is used on the coins of King George V, came into general use about the end of the sixteenth century. At the same time we discarded the Roman system of numbers in favour of Arabic figures. As to the language used—it is either Latin or French until the fifteenth century, after which it will be either Latin or English.

(Continued at foot of next page)



Brass rubbings from the tombs of (left) Sir J. Harsick and his wife (1384) in Southacre Church, Norfolk; and (right) Sir E. Filmer and his wife (1629) in the church at East Sutton, Kent

Victoria and Albert Museum



# Does the Wireless Make You Wiser?

## An Enquiry Among Listeners

ANOTHER winter's programme of broadcast talks has now been completed, offering wireless listeners the widest possible range of information, discussion and criticism of public affairs, social and political problems and developments in art, science and literature. Anyone who has availed himself of these facilities should be reasonably well informed about what is going on in the world around, in other countries as well as his own. It is, of course, not possible to assess the extent to which listeners do actually avail themselves of the sources of information thus opened up to them by the broadcast programme, but it would be reasonable to suppose that as the years go by the general level of knowledge about current affairs will gradually be raised. With a view to finding out how far the influence of broadcast talks and news is making itself felt on the popular mind, THE LISTENER has been carrying out through a Special Commissioner a number of sample tests among different representative types of wireless listeners. A list of questions has been drawn up on factual points of current public interest—questions concerned with foreign affairs, home politics, popular science, music, the cinema, etc. Every one of these fifteen questions relates to a topic which has been dealt with at some length in recent wireless talks or news, or both. Whoever has listened to these talks should be able to answer them, or at least give an intelligent opinion about them.

On the two following pages we print the first batch of replies which we have received from eight listeners interviewed by our Commissioner. In every case the sole qualification required of the person interviewed was that he or she should have some access if they wished to a wireless set, thus making it possible to have availed themselves of the information broadcast. Whether they actually did so or not can be determined partly from the answers which they have given. The first batch of replies which we print comprise those given by a working tailor, a guardsman, the wife of a colonel, a schoolboy aged 14, a daily general maidservant, an assistant storekeeper, a steel-worker, and a Scottish shepherd. The replies in every case were written or taken down verbatim by our Commissioner. The answers have not been altered or concocted in any way, only in one or two cases they have been shortened for special reasons. As a matter of interest there is added at the foot of each reply a list of the daily newspapers read by the individuals giving the answers. We intend in our next issue to give a further batch of replies from other types of listeners both urban and rural.

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 \* See pages 658 and 659 \*  
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## Fashions in Tombs and Monuments

(Concluded from previous page)

What has *not* changed through all the centuries is the spirit in which epitaphs are written. The very early ones, of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, are usually content with asking for the prayers of the passer-by, perhaps adding that those who say a paternoster for the dead shall themselves receive pardon. But from the fourteenth century onwards the dead are apt to use their gravestones to remind the living that:

As you were so once were we,  
 And as we are you soon shall be.

And like the tail-less fox in the fable, they suggest 'the sooner the better'.

The life of man is like a winter's day;  
 Some break their fast and straight depart away;  
 Others stay dinner and depart full fed  
 The longest lived but sup and go to bed.  
 He is best off who hastes betime away  
 Those who stay longest have the most to pay.

That, with variations, is a very common reminder on tombstones. So is this, which Charles Dickens as a boy used to study during sermon time:

Affliction sore long time I bore,  
 Physicians were in vain;  
 Till God did please to give me ease  
 And free me from my pain.

I have also often seen this one:

This world is a city of crooked streets,  
 Death is the market place where all men meets;  
 If health were a merchandise money could buy,  
 The poor couldn't live—and the rich wouldn't die!

Those who lived long are inclined to boast about it. In the porch at Brightwell Baldwin in Oxfordshire, those who enter the church step over the gravestone of Stephen Runbold, who died in the reign of Charles II. He was evidently a sporting character, for his epitaph reads:

A hundred and five, sanguine and strong;  
 It's a hundred to five you don't live so long

A fairly safe bet. Yet he had two contemporaries who could have won it easily—old Parr, whose gravestone in Westminster Abbey tells us that he lived in the reigns of ten sovereigns, Richard III to Charles II, and Mrs. Elizabeth Bowles of Han-

ney in Berkshire, who saw the Stuarts come and go, for she was born in 1594 in the reign of Elizabeth and died in 1718 in the reign of George I.

The memorials of the dead inside the church, who were, of course, the well-to-do or fairly well-to-do, are almost always accompanied by their coats of arms. Most modern heraldry is bunkum, but in the Middle Ages it was a real necessity. A leader had to have some symbol by which his men could recognise him, and he painted this on his shield, and had it woven into the surcoat or linen overall that he wore over his armour. So it came to be called his coat of arms and then for short his arms. Then in the fourteenth century it became fashionable to have another symbol fixed on the top of the helmet and this was called a crest. Both arms and crest were engraved on the seal which he used instead of signing his name. And as a shield on a circular seal left space to be filled on each side, he had these spaces filled with two figures which came to be called supporters because they seemed to be holding up the shield on either side. All these things are familiar in the royal arms—the shield bearing the arms of the kings of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales, the crest on the helmet above the shield, and the lion and the unicorn supporting it on either side.

Ordinary people did not bother about supporters nor even about crests, but every squire had his coat of arms and as one goes about the churches of a district one soon learns to recognise the shields of the old families. And that is why they were put there, so that we who come after them should not forget them. For there is no death save forgetfulness.

The large paintings on canvas of coats of arms in black, diamond-shaped frames, so common on the walls of churches, are called hatchments. They were carried in funeral processions or fixed on the coffin and when the funeral was over and the coffin had been placed in the vault they were set up on the wall above it. You will notice that they often have a white background on one side and a black one on the other. When the dexter side is white, that is the side on your left as you face it, that means that the dead person was a woman who left a husband surviving. If the sinister side is white and the dexter black it was the husband who died and the wife who survived to set up the hatchment. If both sides are black the dead person was a widow or widower or unmarried.



A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE  
(See page 657)

# DOES THE WIRELESS

QUESTIONS	TAILOR	GUARDSMAN	COLONEL'S WIFE
1. Why did British troops go into the Saar?	They was ordered to go there, to watch what would come off	To keep the peace in Europe	Gone completely out of head
2. Does Mr. Winston Churchill support or oppose the Government of India Bill?	In favour of it	Oppose it	Opposes it; of course I know that
3. What is Roosevelt's New Deal?	To turn the dollar into £1 notes. He is all finance, money up and money down like a Mickey Mouse	Couldn't tell you that	Don't know. I think people take very little interest in America—I never read about it
4. What is the Peace Ballot, and what do you think of it?	Not much	I'm stuck in that one an' all	Know nothing about it; one in the house has had
5. Does Manchukuo belong to China or Japan?	To China	Japan now it does	Ought to be Chinese; it belongs to Japan
6. Is Germany friendly towards England?	Yes	Yes	I should think they are definitely our bitter enemies—very jealous
7. Why has Abyssinia been in the news lately?	Because Italy wanted to annex it	Because there was trouble between them and Italy	Don't know
8. How does our Government propose to make us safe in the air?	By docking the worker	By the Air Pact	By having a good fleet of aeroplanes
9. Are the unemployed better off in Britain than elsewhere?	Yes	Yes	Decidedly; on the whole look after them far better
10. Who is Mr. Hore Belisha, and what has he done?	He is the bloke what has put steel studs in the road so that the ladies fall in front of cars in wearing their high heels	Minister of Transport. He constructed the Belisha Beacons	Beaconite. He has certainly made a fool of himself. Very full of his own importance think signs futile
11. Who was Handel? What did he do?	I don't know him	I don't know	Musician—'Elijah'
12. Can diamonds be made artificially?	Yes	Yes	Never heard of it
13. Would you rather live in a flat or a house, and why?	In a house. More roomy	In a house, because you've generally got your own garden, and no one else to worry you by trampling on the stairs an' all	House, because you have more comfort and a garden and you feel a bit more of a bloated capitalist
14. What does the National Trust do?	Not having applied to them I don't know	I've heard of that one, but...	Don't know. Looks after Nation perhaps
15. Who invented Mickey Mouse?	I don't know	Ah, you're asking me a question now!	Walt Disney
What daily newspaper do you read?	I read newspapers what are given to me or what I pick up in the street. I have given up buying them as they are all lies and red tape	Evening News and Sunday Pictorial	Morning Post and Christian Science Monitor



# MAKE YOU WISER?

## A 'LISTENER' QUESTIONNAIRE (See page 657)

SCHOOLBOY (14)	DAILY GENERAL MAID	ASSISTANT STOREKEEPER	STEELWORKER	SCOTTISH SHEPHERD
preserve law and order ng the plebiscite. They quite neutral	I read about it, but I'm afraid I didn't know what it was all about	To keep order while the plebiscite was being taken	They were put there to control the Saar until the vote took place to decide which country they should be controlled by	To act as police
ouldn't possibly tell you	Don't know	Opposes it	Opposes it	Opposes
t know	Something to do with gold, isn't it?	His policy is to create employment by floating a large loan and cheaper currency. Employment within the United States as much as possible	That I can't answer	To put all loose money into circulation
sponsored by the League Nations to find out whether ple want total disarmament or not. I don't object to out it doesn't affect me in any way so I haven't formed special opinion	I don't think there's much peace about; it seems as if they're all clamouring for war	To find out whether people favour peace. I think the questions they ask aren't fair, 'because you can only put 'yes' or 'no'. Nobody with any sense would object to peace, but not peace at any price	It's a farce. People don't know what the negotiations are about	It's a means of leading people astray. Very little
na	It sounds more Chinese	It actually belongs to China, but it's a mandated State of Japan	China	To neither
od Heavens, no! Nobody's ndly towards anybody vadays	It's hard to say	They would like to be. If Germany and England were left to themselves to thrash matters out I believe there'd be friendship. France is playing us up all the time	What a question! Industrially yes	Friendly for the purpose of what she can get
e's been doing things to oy Italy. Something about ritory	Something to do with Italian troops, and people crossing a boundary	Owing to the ultimatum presented by Italy as the result of frontier incidents	Owing to trouble with Italy	Because Italy has a problem of her own, and Mussolini wants to draw attention of Italians from his own mistake
ve lots of aeroplanes. ere's some idea about that one country drops bombs another, all the other coun- es will drop bombs on them	I don't know	By increasing the air force— which doesn't necessarily mean that they'll make us safe. I'm convinced that there's no real defence	I don't see how our Govern- ment can	By building more airships
the whole—all except per- ps Germany where they m to have camps and go d build things	I think they are	Yes, definitely	Yes	Very decidedly
minister of Transport. He's n making a valiant attempt save a few more lives. He's ack up a lot of beacons and en rise to some funny jokes	Minister of Transport, and he's put up beacons	Minister of Transport. He's endeavoured to control traffic	Transport Minister. Intro- duced some good reforms in road transport	Minister of Transport. He's done much towards road safety
ntleman who wrote music. e wrote one piece of ballet music called 'Terpsichore' d some oratorios—'Mes- h' and all that lot	I don't know who he was; I only know about the music, 'Messiah' and so on	Musician—the 'Lost Chord' and the 'Messiah'	That's out of my line—	Famous composer. Wrote the noted 'Largo'
	I think they can; some won- derful men discovered how to make them	Yes, but they can't be pro- duced for commercial profit	—So's that	No, because if it is made it is artificial, not a diamond
a house, because there are restrictions, though in a t you don't get hawkers. ou can own a house, but you ve to pay rent in a flat	I prefer a house to a flat; you're more to yourself	House—more select and con- servative	There's a bit to be said for each. A flat reduces work for the lady. House personally	A house. Always smell of soapsuds in a flat
ives you saving certificates	Don't know	Buys up open spaces for the use of the nation, old castles and houses of architectural value	Don't know	I doubt that being any trust at all
Walt Disney	Walt Disney	Walt Disney	I have heard, but I've for- gotten	Not Robbie Burns anyway; he invented sleekit mousie
aily Express, Evening News nd Daily Sketch, because ey're provided in the house, o you can't hold that against el	The Star	News-Chronicle	Daily Dispatch	News-Chronicle—which I think is greatly improved in recent years



# The Rochdale Pace-egg Play

By WILLIAM E. MITCHELL

On Good Friday, at 9 p.m., scholars of the Rochdale Secondary School will perform a mumming play, 'Pace-egging in Rochdale', in the Cattle Market Square. The play will be relayed in the North Regional programme

**L**ISTENING this year to the broadcast of a Pace-egg play may not be considered a novel experience—at least for Northern audiences who have previously heard the relays of the Midgley (Yorkshire) form of the play through the Manchester station—but the appearance in Good Friday's programme of a Rochdale version can definitely be-

has been found, and the most optimistic historian can hardly hope to discover one now. What has been ascertained, however, is that the St. George play was fully established in the provinces by the time that Richard Johnson produced his book *The Seven Champions of Christendom* in the year 1596. Truly the Tudor-era, with its masques, pageants, revels and play-

goings might easily have given birth to such jovial and appropriate mummers as a play about our Merry England's patron saint, but we find that the drama is older even than the sixteenth century. Sir John Paston of epistolary repute, in a letter dated April 16, 1473, complains, very humanly, of a servant whom he had kept 'thys iij yer' to pleye Seynt Jorge. . . and now . . . he is goon'. Records in the town accounts of Lydd (Kent) definitely relate to a play of St. George, on July 4, 1456: references in the Cottonian collection bear witness to a performance of incidents in the life of St. George given before King Henry V. and his guest the Emperor Sigismund on May 24, 1416 (the date having been altered from April 23, to suit His Majesty's convenience), and sundry

allusions to 'Ridings' of St. George (as at Norwich in the year 1408) leave little doubt that we have in the Pace-egg play a survival of one of the earliest forms of English drama.

With this necessarily brief historical sketch let us revert to the Rochdale version and observe its distinctive features. Here is an attempt on the part of its two compilers (Mr. John Priestnall and myself) to build up a possible archetype by the selection of material from the specimens of the play that are still preserved. After a close study of the many characters, incidents and speeches afforded by these versions,

and working in reference to Richard Johnson's account of St. George in his *Seven Champions*, it was found possible to reconstruct a play that combined the essential characteristics of the scattered fragments with some semblance of legendary chronology. The words used were taken unchanged from the examples

(Continued on page 673)



An early example of mummers: village revels with the St. George play being performed in the background, from a sixteenth-century engraving by Hieronymus Cock after Peter Breughel the elder

British Museum

claimed as a fresh venture in the study of this old-time mumming drama.

The Pace-egg play is a play of St. George with a traditional Easter association. Casual readers, boasting a smattering of Northern accents and vowel-sounds, are tempted to regard the word 'Pace' as—a slovenly Lancashire corruption of 'Peace', and modern printed pamphlets of the play are erroneously entitled 'The Peace Egg'. The real derivation of 'Pace', however, is through the Hebrew, *Pascha* being the liturgical Easter. There are many surviving forms of this primitive St. George mumming, perpetuated in certain localities as Christmas shows and established in others as an Easter, or rather pre-Easter and Good Friday, tradition. Most of these versions have been transmitted orally from generation to generation; a few of them were published in chap-books to be used as 'books of words' for the performers, but the bulk of them never appeared in print until researchers took down the lines from participants and so preserved records of a fast dying tradition.

Some of the specimens that were thus rescued are mere fragments—a few lines from one speech, a couplet or two from another—but all of them together show traces of a common origin. This similarity of phrase and action, occurring as it does in examples gathered from widely distant parts of the country and even of Scotland and Ireland, readily prompts the mind of the student to imagine a full and complete version of the play—a parent stock from which all the others may once have sprung, although in the course of their wanderings and sojournings in various counties they have acquired a local speech and have been clothed in costumes of parochial appeal.

Unfortunately, as can well be understood, no such 'original'



Twentieth-century mummers: performers of the Pace-egg play after a recent presentation at Rochdale Town Hall



# RADIO NEWS-REEL APRIL 8-14

*A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins*



Photographs: L.C.C.

## THE NEW HOUSES AND THE OLD

'The East-Enders', said Mr. Silkin at a meeting of the L.C.C. last week, 'deserve decent houses. We shall do our utmost to supply them'. In 1934-35, 1,600 flats were completed, accommodating over 8,000 people. In the present year this number is to be trebled—5,000 flats for 25,000 people. Thereafter the rate will be 10,000 flats a year until the slums are cleared



## INDIAN FUNERAL WHICH CAUSED RIOTS

On April 9 the Bombay Government issued the full figures of the casualties in the riots of March 19, caused in connection with the interment of Abdul Quayum, when soldiers and police fired on the crowd (above). The figures show that forty-seven people were killed and one hundred and thirty-four were injured. It has been agreed that no useful purpose would be served by an enquiry into the affair, which could only make communal antagonism worse

## NEW POLICE LABORATORY

On April 10 the Home Secretary opened the new Laboratory, which is part of the Police College at Hendon. The photograph (right) shows the exhibition room containing relics of various crimes







#### LUDENDORFF REHABILITATED

General Ludendorff celebrated his 70th birthday at his home near Munich on April 9. To mark his reconciliation with the National Socialist Party he was offered a Field-Marshal's baton; but this honour he declined. He is here seen in his room surrounded with tributes of flowers from his many admirers



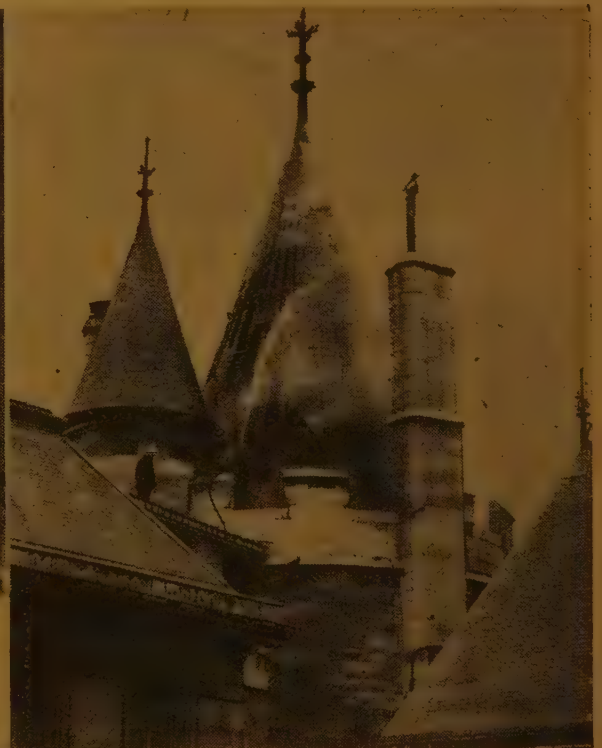
#### HULL FISHING STRIKE

Nearly half the Hull fishing fleet had been put out of commission last week by the strike of deck hands and cooks which began on the first of the month. The crews objected to a reduction of 10s. a jar in the money paid them for cod-liver oil extracted on board. One hundred and forty ships and about fifteen hundred men were either on strike or affected by the stoppage. On Friday the Minister of Labour announced in the House of Commons that the Government had decided to intervene, and were setting up a Committee of Enquiry. The photograph shows a number of the trawlers held up in the docks at Hull



#### CHISLEHURST CAVES IN MOCK GAS ATTACK

The Red Cross Society staged a mock gas attack at Chislehurst last week. Private aeroplanes dropped flares to represent mustard gas and phosgene. The Caves were used as gas-proof shelters, where the 'victims' were tended by V.A.D. nurses. They are large enough to accommodate many thousands of people in the event of an actual air raid



#### FIRE IN PARIS LAW COURTS

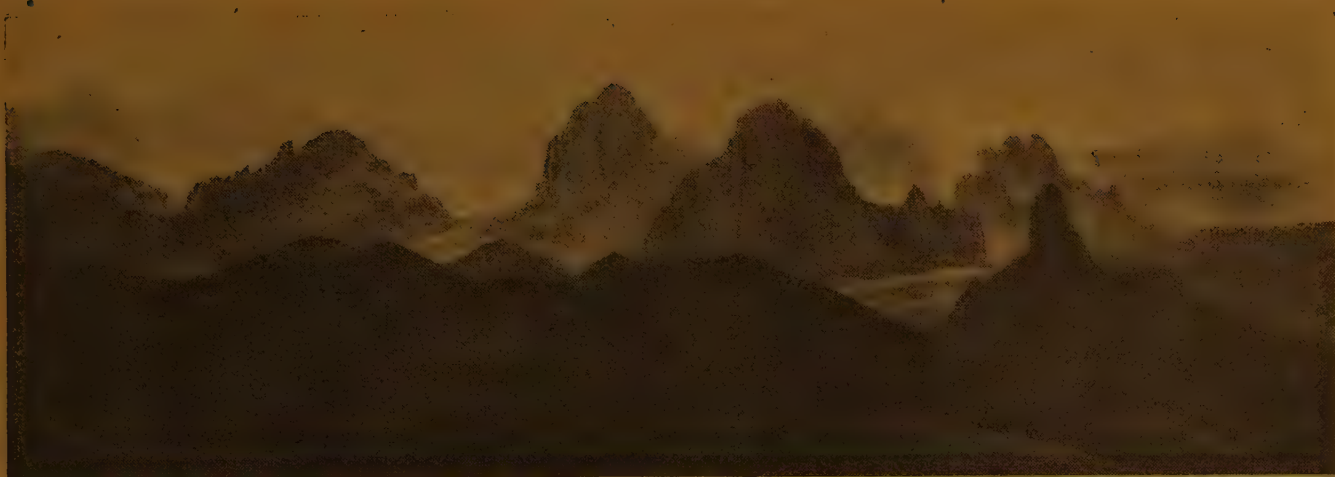
The archives of the Supreme Court of France were in danger of destruction on April 8 when the Tour St. Louis in which they are stored caught fire. The Tour St. Louis is one of the oldest parts of the Palais de Justice. It contains the ancient torture chamber of the Conciergerie Prison, in which many famous people, including Marie Antoinette, were imprisoned

#### NAZI DISAPPOINTMENT IN DANZIG

The photograph on the left shows a parade of young Nazis in the streets of Danzig during the recent elections. The results, published on April 8, showed that the Nazis had obtained only forty-four seats out of seventy-two; and though they won six seats more than at the last elections, they have not achieved the two-thirds majority desired







#### THE SITE OF A LOST ATLANTIS

The mysterious mountains of Ahaggar in the heart of the Sahara are to be explored by two young Frenchmen, one of them an officer of native troops and the other an Alpine guide. One of the peaks which they will try to scale is the legendary site of the City of Atlantis, where, according to the Arab story, there once lived a race of women renowned for their beauty. To this day the Arab women refuse to allow their men to make the climb. The last attempt on the peak was made by a Frenchman, who struggled on after being abandoned by his guides, and got within 900 feet of the top. He found on the mountain side relics of pottery suggesting that someone really had lived there. The scaling of the peaks will be difficult even for skilled climbers. Some of them rise in a single sheer wall for 2,500 feet. The steepness and barrenness of the country is clearly seen in this panorama, which was taken looking south-east from the Aseksem plateau, 140 miles away to the North-West



#### GENERAL GOERING'S WEDDING

General Goering presenting the ring to his bride, Frau Emmi Sonnemann, before Reichsbischof Mueller, in the Berlin Cathedral on Wednesday, April 10



#### BARBED WIRE FOR THE ABYSSINIAN FRONTIERS

The dispute between Italy and Abyssinia over frontiers in Northern Africa reached a new stage last week. The Italian Government sent a note to Geneva expressing its willingness to submit the questions in dispute to arbitration as provided for in the Treaty of 1928, and outlining the procedure it would favour. For some time past both sides had been importing war materials in considerable quantities, as this picture of barbed wire being landed at Massaua would indicate; but this new Italian move may go far towards finding a peaceful solution to the dispute

#### THE 'AQUITANIA' AGROUND

A view of the tugs pulling the *Aquitania* off the mud bank at the entrance to the Solent, where she ran aground last Wednesday on her return from a Mediterranean cruise





## The Conference at Stresa

The Conference at Stresa ended shortly after mid-day on Sunday. Mr. MacDonald for Great Britain, M. Flandin for France, and an Italian spokesman, all expressed their satisfaction with the results achieved. The official communiqué states that full agreement was—

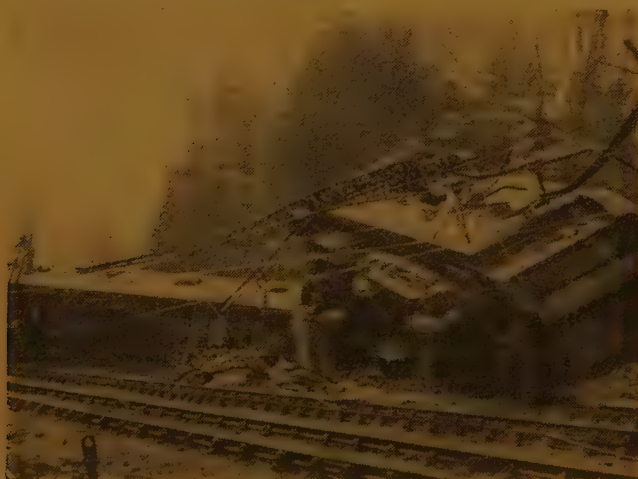


THE CONFERENCE ROOM

The Music Room in the Villa Borromeo where the Conference was held

### FRENCH RAIL ACCIDENT

The Paris-bound Pyrenees express was derailed near Bordeaux in the early hours of Sunday morning. Below is a picture of the débris. Two British subjects were among the casualties



—reached on the various problems discussed:

A common line of conduct has been laid down regarding the French protest at Geneva. Negotiations for the Eastern Pact are to be continued.

A Conference is to meet at an early date to settle guarantees for Austria's independence. Further study of the proposed Western Air Pact is to be made.

Germany's reintroduction of conscription is regretted, but the Powers have pledged themselves to go on working for international agreement on disarmament.

Finally, the three Powers agree to oppose one-sided violation of treaties by all practicable means.

The communiqué does not indicate any new commitments for Great Britain or any extension of existing commitments, and there have been no decisions taken which are not contained in the communiqué.

—Above is a picture of Signor Mussolini landing in a seaplane which he piloted himself from Rome



MR. MACDONALD LANDS ON ISOLA BELLA

—and receives a Fascist salute from the Italian guard. After the Conference Mr. MacDonald summed up the feeling of the delegates in an interview in which he said: "We were here to demonstrate our solidarity, not only in a diplomatic manner, but also our solidarity in intention and determination which underlay the whole purpose of our meeting—peace in Europe. I am sure that the Conference has made a very lasting contribution to the solution of this problem"



*Morality Old and New*

# Marriage and Some Alternatives

By the Rev. HUGH MARTIN

**T**HE rule of marriage as it has been understood amongst us for many generations has, of course, sometimes been broken, but its value as a rule has not been challenged by serious people among us on any wide scale until comparatively recently. Today, however, there are many people who openly deny its value and many more who are doubtful about it.

No one with any sense of responsibility would advocate a condition of complete licence in sex relationships. The force of sex is so powerful that its expression is inevitably a matter of great concern to the community, which must seek to secure that it finds its outlet in creative and valuable ways and not in socially destructive ones. It is really impossible for any man or woman with a sense of social obligation to say: 'What does it matter to anyone else what we do with our lives?' They must be invited to ask another question: 'What would happen to the community if everyone acted as we are acting?' The rules of society may need altering, and there might, on mature reflection, be a case for deliberate rebellion against them; but they should not be upset for selfish motives. The issues at stake are too great.

That leads me to my second preliminary remark. No man is really wise enough to make rules of sex behaviour for himself, and certainly not when he is under the control of passionate desire. The emotions of sex are so strong that rules to which exception is allowed at the judgment of the individual concerned are as good as no rules. His own case would always be exceptional. If we are to think straight about sex, we must do it when we are cool and disinterested. The rules and conventions of society are in part a protection of its members against themselves. Society stands for Philip sober against Philip drunk, and most of us as we look back are thankful for its restraints.

## Co-operation with God in Creation

Marriage is something more and finer than a romantic adventure: it is sharing life at its plainest bread-and-butter level as well as on the heights. Men and women are spirits, minds and bodies; true marriage means a sharing in all three. Sex is a very complex instinct. It is a mistake to think of it as meaning only the mating impulse. It includes the love of parents for their children. The normal demand of sex is unfulfilled except in a home where the love of man and woman is completed by the love of children. It is, I believe, something in the human make-up itself that requires marriage to be more than a temporary relationship and more than an attraction of body for body. Along with sexual attraction there must go a deep friendship and a sharing of fundamental ideals.

The sex relation in marriage has, I believe, a value in itself, and not only as it results in the begetting of children. It has a spiritual value as the expression of love and it has beneficial physical results on the participants. But it is obvious that its primary purpose, biologically, is the perpetuation of the race. To the religious man or woman it means co-operation with God in the creation of His children. Even from a physiological and psychological point of view, sex—in woman especially—is linked with parenthood, and apart from it is ultimately a source of unrest and dissatisfaction.

Personally, I believe that there are circumstances of health or economic position in which birth-control is wise and right. But the deliberate avoidance of parenthood by a healthy couple in normal circumstances is wrong on every ground. It is wrong from the point of view of happiness and fullness of life for the individuals concerned; it is wrong from the point of view of social responsibility—the very continuance of the community is dependent upon the rearing of healthy children. So far as children are concerned, there is no substitute for the home. The affectionate concern of normal parents works better in the rearing of children than the cold, if more efficient, care of an institution. The permanence of marriage is a safeguard of the rights of children. The welfare of the child should not be

sacrificed to the selfish interests of the parents. This is admitted even by some of the most outspoken modern critics of marriage.

## Need for Divorce Law Reform

I have no doubt that the ideal is the permanent marriage of a man and a woman. Every divorce is an admission of failure. I recognise that there are cases in which the relationship has lost all moral reality, and I believe that the reform of the divorce laws would strengthen and not imperil the institution of marriage. But divorce is too big a subject for me to discuss now. Many of the failures in marriage can be attributed to inadequate preparation. The atmosphere of sentimental silliness is still too prevalent and there is still a lamentable lack of wise and frank instruction of boys and girls at appropriate stages of their development, and particularly in preparation for adolescence and marriage.

Yet, in spite of all the lurid headlines and panic-stricken tracts, there is no real evidence that the institution of marriage has broken down. It would be a miracle if there were not a proportion of failures in so exacting and intimate a relationship. But the failures are copy for the newspapers and proven-der for the gossips, while nothing is commonly said about the successes—still, I venture to believe, very much the majority. After all, most people go on getting married or remaining married and finding it the basis of much of the best and happiest part of life. There is no real reason to suppose that if freedom of divorce by mutual consent were granted tomorrow there would be an overwhelming rush to the courts in search of liberty.

But what are we to say to those for whom marriage—for the time being, at any rate—is impossible because of financial circumstances or domestic ties or other barriers? Some of these rebel against their fate and demand to know what ground in morality can be found for denying them the experience of sexual intimacy for which their love asks. Others, who would not commit themselves to a permanent marriage, believe that a temporary alliance based upon a genuine friendship and mutual attraction would be an enriching experience and want to know 'why not?' These are no academic questions in these days and they are asked in all seriousness by decent, healthy-minded people.

Let it be clear that we are not discussing promiscuity or the treating of sex as a mere recreation. All serious people must be agreed as to the undesirability of that. I am discussing the position of those who are, or believe themselves to be, in love with one another.

## To Jeopardise the Family is Anti-Social

I want to express my great sympathy with couples who are placed in such an unhappy situation through no fault of their own. The fact that so many are so placed is a symptom of serious maladjustment in the organisation of society. But I feel sure that if they will face the problem—when they can think clearly about it—they will see the necessity for restraint, in the interests both of themselves and of society. For society must be considered in this matter, unless we are content to be bad citizens. Let me remind you of what I said at the beginning of this talk. We have no right to upset the rules of society in matters of such great importance, unless we are sure we are acting in the best interests of society itself. There are obviously very strong social reasons against sex relations before marriage. The normal complete family life with children is the only sound arrangement for the community, and anything that will jeopardise the family is anti-social. The suffering of hardship by a number of individuals is a much less grave evil than the sapping of the foundations of national well-being. Any decent person will agree that the mere fact that a certain course of action is difficult and even positively unpleasant, is not a final argument against it. But it seems harsh to insist thus on the subordination



of the happiness of the individual to the welfare of society, so I turn to look at the matter from the point of view of the welfare and happiness of the individuals concerned.

Even from that point of view, I believe that to practise sex relations apart from marriage is not the best way of dealing with the problem. Sex intimacy, as I have already argued, affects the whole personality, and, to be satisfying, it must go with a comradeship that involves the sharing of the whole of life—with all that is meant by home. Two who are really in love want to care for and company with each other in more than just this—important as it is; people in love want each other altogether and for always. If a man or a woman is prepared to take a partner 'on approval', it just isn't love. Thus, if the sex act takes place apart from marriage, we have the physical expression of love without its proper setting of the home and the family, and the full mutual self-giving which should accompany it is impossible.

Again, such a relationship, outside marriage, excludes the possibility of children, and, for that reason also, is unsatisfactory to the individual as well as to society. As I argued earlier, to women especially, physical love is unsatisfying unless it is completed by motherhood. I do not mean that people marry or should marry only in order to have children. A marriage in which children are not possible may prove very happy and satisfying. But I do hold that if the sex relationship is to be satisfactory, it must contain the possibility of children so far as the desires of the parties are concerned. And a man should hesitate to ask a woman to enter, however willingly, a relationship based upon the denial of that. Further, a relationship based upon the absence of children must almost inevitably involve an element of fear, or at any rate, an absence of the joyful, mutual, self-surrender which it means at its happiest and best. For contraceptives are not infallible; suppose that a child is born in spite of all precautions? For this reason, also, I suggest that men and women ought not to enter into sex intimacy unless they are prepared for full marriage.

#### In Harmony with the True Nature of Man

Again, such a relationship is almost inevitably secret. Society, as a whole, frowns upon it, and with good reason as I have suggested. Even if the man and woman most concerned feel no qualms of conscience, the relationship must be made unsatisfactory by its furtiveness. Another reason against it seems

to me to be this. We must face realistically the fact that people who sincerely love one another do drift apart temporarily. Most married people will, I think, agree when I say that the marriage tie helps to carry them over such times of difficulty. If there were no bond but mutual inclination, the pair might part when passion temporarily flags or a strain comes—and then for ever after regret it. Such relations are soundest between those who have taken serious vows of mutual loyalty. For, if a mutual separation is agreed upon after such relations, the two cannot take up their life as before. They can never be quite the same again. It is by no means certain that they will look back upon their experience as an enriching one. They have been joined so intimately that separation will leave a wound. There is inevitable pain and damage to one—or more likely to both.

While the practice of sex intimacy before marriage often seems to promise relief from nervous strain and the appeasement of gnawing desire, in fact it solves no problems but leaves them all as before. It makes self-control harder, not easier, and will make the barriers that prevent full marriage even more irritating than before.

For such reasons as these, I believe that any such union separates what God—or, if you prefer it, nature—has joined together. However hard it be, it is a thousand times better to wait. Marriage without parenthood is, as I have argued, a second best, but it is infinitely better than sex relations outside of marriage. 'Just because you love each other', I would say to any pair in such a situation, 'if you realise all that is involved you will wish to wait. I agree that society is doing you a cruel wrong in delaying your marriage unreasonably. We must work with greater enthusiasm and vigour for the reform of the conditions of housing and wages and the like, that create your problem. But this short cut is not the way. It is a cure that is worse than the disease. For your own sakes and for the sake of society, avoid it'.

I maintain, in short, that Christian marriage can be shown to be in harmony with the true nature of man, as revealed by science and experience. Which is but to say that God speaks with no double voice. What He proclaims through His prophets, and especially through Jesus Christ, is not contradictory to His revelation in nature. Christ comes not to destroy but to fulfil the law of nature, which is also in its sphere the law of God.

#### The Sky at Night

## Three Astronomical Events

By R. L. WATERFIELD

**D**URING May and the remainder of the present month the night sky is remarkably barren of fixed stars, both bright and faint. It is in great contrast to the summer and the winter skies: the winter sky fairly packed with brilliant stars; and the summer sky with its sprinkling of bright stars, its multitudes of lesser stars and, above all, with the Milky Way like a cascade of silvery light falling from zenith to horizon. But the scantiness of fixed stars is more than made up for this year by the presence of the dazzling planets Mars and Jupiter; and in any case this very scarcity of fixed stars is in itself of some interest.

We will start as usual with a brief 'Who's Who in the Night Sky'. The winter constellations are rapidly becoming engulfed in the sunset, but we can still catch the tail-end of them in the early evening. Going from north-west to south-west we can still see the brilliant Capella, the Pleiades, Aldebaran, the upper stars of Orion, the two Dog Stars, and above them the Heavenly Twins. You will easily identify all of them from the maps in *THE LISTENER* of April 3. And then, of course, Venus is among them, outshining them all. At the moment she lies between the Pleiades and Aldebaran; but during May she will travel across the top of Orion and come to lie just below the Twins, forming a little right-angled triangle with them. Already she can easily throw a shadow of your finger on a piece of paper, and yet she continues to grow still brighter.

It is always encouraging at this season to see the stars of summer beginning to return. They are coming up in the east

around midnight led by Vega, the most brilliant of them, an almost blue-white object low in the north-east.

But our main concern at the moment is with the stars of the spring, the stars that occupy the southern aspect of the heavens during the first half of the night. As I said, it is practically a two-man show, with Jupiter and Mars outshining everything else. Mars, bright and ruddy, is not very high up in the south, and Jupiter, still brighter, is even lower down in the south-east. The only other at all conspicuous objects are Arcturus, high up to the left above Mars, Spica, a little to the left below Mars, and finally a group of rather second-class stars above and to the right of Mars which forms the constellation of the Lion.

I think you will agree that apart from these objects the southern sky looks oddly vacant. The fainter stars, which at other times of the year give you so strongly that impression of great numbers, are now almost conspicuous for their rarity. Yet in one place this vacancy is interrupted; for between the Lion and Arcturus, just above Mars, is a large patch of hazy light, due to a conglomeration of small stars, called Coma Berenices or Berenice's Hair. The fable has it that Berenice, in order to insure her husband's safe return from a distant land, dedicated the hair of her head to Venus and placed it in the temple. But Jupiter, admiring the beautiful hair, transported it to the heavens and turned it into a constellation.

Now what is the significance of the emptiness of this part of the sky? Over 150 years ago a man who had been an oboe



player in the Hanoverian Guard and had come as organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath, took up as a hobby astronomy and the making of telescopes. In a few years he had so greatly increased the power of this instrument that he was able to penetrate further into space than any man had ever done before him. This man, the great William Herschel, decided to sound the depths of the universe; and one of the methods he adopted was to count the numbers of stars his telescope revealed in different parts of the sky.

Encircling the heavens with a girdle of light is the Milky Way. Herschel found that the nearer he got to this band of light the more closely together were the stars packed. In the parts of the sky furthest from the Milky Way the stars grew few and far between. Herschel's explanation was that the stars, instead of extending for ever in all directions through space, were confined to a system of limited size, shaped like a thin flat disc, whose thickness was very small in comparison with its diameter. The earth was not far from the centre of this disc; thus when we look out in the direction of its circumference we see myriads of stars piled up behind each other to form the girdle of the Milky Way; and when we look out in what we may call the 'up and down' directions we are looking through a comparatively shallow layer of stars and thus see comparatively few of them.

Scattered over the sky are numerous small hazy patches of light, the so-called nebulae. Herschel discovered several hundreds of these, and found that their distribution in the heavens was exactly the opposite to that of the stars. Whereas the stars congregated towards the girdle of the Milky Way, the nebulae obviously avoided it. And the nebulae were most numerous where the stars were least numerous, in those directions in the heavens that are at right angles to the direction of the Milky Way. Herschel concluded that the nebulae must, therefore, be independent of our own stellar system and must be situated outside it in outer space; and he suggested calling them 'island universes'.

Only in the last few years has this remarkable theory received full confirmation. The great majority of nebulae when photographed show a beautiful spiral structure; and we now know that these curious objects are immensely remote stellar systems, perhaps very similar to our own, each containing several thousand million suns.

But why, if these nebulae are so remote and are independent of our own stellar system, do they so carefully avoid the Milky Way? The answer is that in the direction of the Milky Way our view into outer space is obstructed by vast clouds of cosmic dust within the boundaries of our own system; and only when we look in directions away from the Milky Way do we get an unobstructed view of the outer parts of space.

So when you look up at the rather lugubrious face of the spring sky it is some compensation to realise that you are looking through the open sky-light of our own universe down an

unobstructed vista to the ends of space. It is in this direction that the large astronomical cameras can detect the most remote of the island universes; and collect into a tiny picture the rays of light that have travelled through space, in some cases, for a hundred million years. This part of the sky—which we may call the north pole of our universe—is conveniently marked for you by Berenice's Hair; so you see Jupiter must have thought very highly of it to put it in such an important position in the sky.

During the next six weeks there are three astronomical events which are well worth watching. The first is of some rarity—the eclipse of a very bright star by the moon in the early hours of Easter Monday morning. The moon, just past the full, will rise at midnight (Summer Time) and the bright

star Antares will be hidden behind it. At 2.5 a.m., if you are watching with the naked eye, or, better still, with field-glasses, you will see Antares suddenly pop out from the moon's right-hand edge. As the real edge of the moon is invisible in shadow the star seems to pop out a little distance from the moon. But the most dramatic thing is the suddenness with which it pops out, thus affording a striking demonstration of the fact that the moon has no atmosphere to dim the light of the star.

The second event occurs at a more decent hour—in the early evening of Sunday, May 5. Directly it is getting dark you will see just above the glow of the sunset a magnificent spectacle—the dazzling Venus hanging close upon the lower horn of the crescent moon. They continue getting closer and closer until they set about 10.30 p.m.

The last event is the opportunity for seeing the elusive little planet Mercury. He revolves so close to the sun that he seldom escapes very far from the glow of the twilight. Yet between May 24 and May 28 you should be able to pick him up provided you have a perfectly clear view to the western horizon. You will see him low down just to the left of the sunset. The chief attraction in seeing Mercury is the knowledge that most other people, including most astronomers, have never seen him!

Mr. Bernard O'Donnell, in *The Trials of Mr. Justice Avory* (Richard Cowan, 18s.), has given a brightly written and interesting account of Mr. Justice Avory and the chief cases in which he has been engaged both as Counsel and Judge. It is, as one would expect from this kind of work, uncritical both of the law and its administration, and the description of cases is used chiefly as a picturesque background to the portrait of the Judge. There is one fact, however, which comes out clearly, and that is the immense importance of the personality and mental make-up of a Judge in effecting decisions, particularly in jury cases. Two errors have crept into the book. In the description of the case of Mr. Hugh Watt it is stated that 'the Jury, however, came to the conclusion that there had been condonation of the cruelty, and only granted a decree of judicial separation'. Cruelty alone is not a ground for divorce, and so the condonation must have been in respect of adultery. Then, in the Index, Mr. Norman Birkett is described as Sir Norman Birkett.



An island universe in the southern hemisphere

The number of these universes amounts to hundreds of thousands, and the most distant yet known are photographed in the light that left them over a hundred million years ago

Photographed at Mount Wilson Observatory



## The Map of England

# National Maps and Plans

By Brigadier H. ST. J. L. WINTERBOTHAM

IN describing our national surveys it is usual to call all those covering the land, which are at scales of six inches or more to the mile, plans. There are the ten-foot and five-foot plans of towns which are at ten feet or five feet to the mile. There are the twenty-five-inch plans which cover all the country except remote areas unsuitable for agriculture and there are the six-inch plans which cover the whole of Great Britain. In this country we are peculiarly fortunate because our charts, maps and plans are made as far as possible from the same material. There is no unnecessary expense to the nation and no stupid overlapping. Charts and maps of Great Britain both rest, as far as they can, upon the measurements and plottings of the plans. The maps which are made by the Ordnance Survey, from those plans, I described most inadequately a week ago. There are, however, many others, published by firms whose names are household words wherever maps are used. Some of them have set the fashion to cartographers both at home and abroad. Naturally, however, I tend to talk of those I know best. Map-lovers will find their pick. To pick wisely is one of the important matters which precede a holiday.

It may be asked: what interest have plans for you and me? Indeed, an enormous amount. Supposing that our holidays are mainly spent in tramping this delightful country. Well, the question of rights-of-way is now being actively discussed. Each case is investigated on six-inch or even twenty-five-inch plans; because the one-inch map does not show the boundaries of properties or the limits of the fields through which the foot-paths in question lead.

If we want to sell a property we must have a large-scale plan. An archæologist who is going to dig a Round Barrow or a Roman Camp will take his measurements and record his facts upon one of these large-scale plans. A tithe-owner and a tithe-payer are equally interested in the plans which illustrate the facts of the case. The reason why many landowners are unaware of the—often many—systems of land drains in their properties is that they and their predecessors have not used plans in the proper way. Every parson should have, and often has, a plan of his parish. Everyone, in fact, should have a six-inch plan of his neighbourhood.

Plans are even older than maps. There are tiles from Babylon which show the sizes and dimensions of properties and there are Egyptian wall-paintings which show the surveyors employed in making a plan in very much the same way as is current today. On one such picture you may see not only the making of a plan, but its ultimate value in taxation; for there is portrayed a forbidding-looking official, sitting at the receipt of custom, and receiving, in kind, the sums due to State or to landowner. In our own history the plan did not start very early. The old Anglo-Saxon charters were simply descriptions made of the boundaries of property. These descriptions were, however, beautifully done. It is quite possible, and in some cases easy, to follow these old charters on the six-inch plans of today. The thorn-trees, quarries, streams and streets (or old Roman Roads) referred to are very often still there and shown on the plan. We often hear, even now, of 'beating the bounds' of this or that village. This again is just old Anglo-Saxon custom. The 'meresmen' were the authority on boundaries before



Hoare's Manor, in the parish of Barley, Herts: survey made by John Morton for Sir John Spencer in 1593

British Museum





Ordnance Survey six-inch plan of Barley Village

*Reproduced from the Ordnance Survey Series with the sanction of the Controller of H.M. Stationery Office*

plans were made, and the periodical 'beating' served the double purpose of seeing that no trespass had been committed and of training the boy to take over, in good time, the responsibility of his elders.

Doomsday Book, which followed the Norman Conquest, was also a written, and not a mapped, record of property, but in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we employed a large number of well-trained land surveyors. Unfortunately, their plans have largely disappeared.

Next week I shall be talking on how maps and plans are made and we will refer to these early surveyors, but alas! nowadays their records are only to be found in such places as the British Museum; in the offices of the older Corporations; on the shelves of long-established legal firms; in some Estate Office perhaps, and in one or two of the larger country houses. Sometimes their plans were made upon sheepskin, sometimes on parchment or paper. They had this in common: that they were plans made by private craftsmen for private clients. They were on all sorts of different scales, for the scale employed for any one plan was that convenient for the actual end in view. There was no general similarity, and no common conventional sign list to keep everybody to the same convention. At the beginning of the nineteenth century these land surveyors became increasingly busy. We had enclosure award maps and tithe maps corresponding to the 'plans' of today, but, alas! far from perfect and very expensive. In fact two million pounds went in the tithe maps. Then England plunged into the industrial revolution and surveyors really came into their own. Fees of five and even ten guineas a day seem to have been common. The railways employed an enormous number of surveyors and everyone started making plans of towns and factories. Here is a quotation from an old Committee, which shows the position of affairs: 'Hence the necessity for a great and increasing expense borne apparently by private individuals and local bodies, but ultimately falling as a heavy tax upon the whole country'.

It was in Ireland, however, that a new method was to be tried. In 1824 Ireland was a distressful country. There was considerable inequality in assessing taxation, due to the fact that there was no proper universal and trustworthy set of plans upon which to measure and assess each man's share. Special Committees met to consider this point, and in 1824 they asked the Ordnance Survey to make six-inch plans of the whole of Ireland. That six-inch survey was brilliantly successful. It has been described as one of the most valuable Acts of Government that has ever been carried out in Ireland.

Let me quote again. The Committee which discussed it records that 'whilst all former surveys of Ireland originated in forfeitures and violent transfers of property, the present has for its object the relief which can be afforded to the proprietors and occupiers of land from unequal taxation'. It was, however, a great pity that the survey was done on the six-inch scale. It was found afterwards too small and in later times Ireland was surveyed on the twenty-five-inch scale and has exactly the same plan material as Great Britain. But the economy and convenience of good plans are rarely understood even today.

When the Ordnance Survey had finished making the plan of Ireland the staff came back to England, and in 1841 began a series of Committees, Royal, Special and Departmental, to discuss what sort of plans Great Britain should have. In 1841 there was a bad health scare and, indeed, cholera broke out here and there—drainage was conspicuous by its absence. The Health of Towns Act of that year laid upon the Ordnance Survey the duty of providing very large plans of many towns with the minutest detail of the houses. Their object, of course, was to facilitate the planning and execution of the proper municipal services. But these first plans were not published, and the private citizen who footed the bill was unable to procure a copy. Moreover, they were made only for towns.

The survey and publication of plans to cover Great Britain was still under discussion, and no final policy was settled until 1863. These discussions are often referred to as the 'Battle of the Scales'; and there are some of us who consider that our elected representatives have never been more usefully employed. One thing of course was recognised early as a necessity. Whatever scale was to be employed, the plans which resulted should be continuous over the face of the country. There should be no break of scale, no gap and no places where it was impossible to fit one plan on another. Then, again, every plan was to be printed, published, and put on sale so that everyone, and not the authorities only, might profit. Ultimately, and perhaps mainly due to French example, we decided to employ the scale of one part in 2,500. The reasons given are delightfully British. It was desirable to follow Continental example as far as possible, and fortunately a scale of 1:2,500 very nearly coincides with 25 inches to a mile. As a matter of fact 25.344 inches go to the mile, but for many ordinary purposes the decimals could be forgotten, and it is a curious and useful fact that one square inch on this scale as near as nothing represents an acre.

We began then to survey England on the twenty-five-inch



scale, and we finished it in 1892. There are more than 50,000 sheets of this twenty-five-inch series and all of them have, automatically and periodically, to be revised. This survey did not, however, cover all of the Highlands, all of Wales, or even all of the Pennine Chain. The ruling given was that the ground below a certain agricultural value was to be surveyed on the six-inch scale and that fact brings us back to a still more universal series—the six-inch. The six-inch was originally thought of more as an index to the sheets of the larger scale than as a survey of its own, but it has proved so extraordinarily useful and popular that a great deal of care has been taken over its production. In the ordinary course of events it copies, at a smaller scale, the survey at twenty-five inches, but it is really original in the Highlands where the larger survey was not made. It takes 15,000 sheets of the six-inch to cover Great Britain.

Now let us consider the twenty-five-inch plan. To start with, unfortunately it costs 6s. 8d., though if we consider all the work that has gone into it, it is cheap at the price. On the face of the plan you will find represented every single item of permanent detail. You will remember I said *permanent*. A friend of mine who lives in Sussex, and whose well gave out in the recent drought, worked at improving it in various ways, and amongst other things put round it a little square of fencing, each side of which was no more than ten feet. Then the Ordnance Survey parties came along to revise. A new edition was produced and upon the appropriate plan appeared the new fencing. Supposing that you are a chicken fancier, and like to house your chickens well, and for that reason put concrete foundations to the chicken-houses: they will appear upon the plan. On the other hand, that dog-kennel round the corner, made of wood, is hardly permanent enough; though it is quite conceivable that someone who wished to house, and house well, a large family of St. Bernards, might come within the Ordnance Survey category. On the first edition of the plans every tree in a hedge was put in its correct position, although naturally it was not possible to plot accurately every tree in a wood. Nowadays we do not bother about hedgerow timber and I think it is a pity; but at any rate every single tree in a park is in its correct position.

On the original editions, too, garden paths and flower beds were surveyed correctly, but perhaps it is as well that such refinement has been forbidden. Otherwise all this crazy-paving might be too embarrassing. What else does the plan show? Supposing that you are the proud possessor of one or two fields. You will find given in acres and decimals of an acre the areas of these fields. It is convenient to know how large one's property is and astonishing how misleading are the statements of those who advertise 'an acre of charmingly developed land goes with this desirable modern residence'. If convenient to the individual, such information is vital to Government Departments. The twenty-five-inch survey is the basis of all Government area figures.

It will not be amiss to add a word or two about the boundaries which you will find upon the plan. Before the first edition of the Ordnance twenty-five-inch there was no general and authoritative record of our county or parish boundaries, although some had appeared on the tithe maps. Generally speaking, the old meresmen of each village or hamlet were the authorities—'the due and proper people'. When our survey began, therefore, we were given powers to requisition the services of these ancients and to take them round in pairs, one representing each side. We surveyed the boundaries so described. It was a lengthy task, but we are an eminently reasonable people and properly seasoned argument in a neighbouring alehouse generally solved the knottier points. In one or two cases we had to decide the matter for ourselves. Nowadays, of course, the machinery is well known, and the Ministry of Health deals not only with existing boundaries, but with all changes in them.

Perhaps you are interested in place names. If so you will find the names for everything, towns, villages, enclosures, streams, houses, roads and lanes and so on properly recorded on your plan. Gaelic and Welsh names have made the revisers scratch their heads pretty often, but are generally extremely accurate. All names which appear on the plan are recorded in what is called a Name Book. The names are by definition those that are in popular use, and authorities—no less than three—

have to vouch for their correctness. In the first instance, normally, Ordnance Revisers and Surveyors turn to clergymen. We have learnt to regard them as authorities on the past as well as on the future. All landowners are consulted about names and all have to sign a form in support of their contentions.

A curious matter connected with the plans is the presentation of high and low water marks. Now, because of the influence of wind and of currents and of the shapes of estuaries and inlets, the high and low water marks are not those left by a truly level surface. They have, therefore, to be surveyed; they cannot be deduced from a system of levels. In 1854 the Lord Chancellor, in discussing a case which concerned foreshore rights, decided that an ordinary person naturally thought of an ordinary or average tide. For that reason, in England and Wales you will find such letters are these: H.W.M.O.T., or 'High Water Mark of Ordinary Tide'. Now take up a Scottish plan. In Scotland people do not seem to be so ordinary. An ancient custom decrees that Spring tides should be considered, so that in Scotland you will find the initials H.W.M.O.S.T., or in other words, 'High Water Mark of Ordinary Spring Tides'.

Supposing that you are interested in any matter concerning the planning or building of modern houses or housing estates, levels will become of great importance to you. On the plan the levels are given every mile, or mile-and-a-half. You will find them marked with a broad arrow and the letters B.M., which mean 'Bench Mark', are added.

A twenty-five-inch plan has upon it  $1\frac{1}{2}$  square miles, or 960 acres. Now these plans used to be revised once every twenty years. To lay down a fixed interval of time such as twenty years is perhaps not very wise, for twenty years will bring little change in some remoter districts, but may imply a total transformation near one of the larger towns. It is partly owing to such immense changes as have occurred, for example, in the London and Birmingham areas, and partly to the urgency of national economy, that many Ordnance plans are so out of date today. The position has become very serious and is now, I am thankful to say, being tackled energetically. Ordnance Survey Revisers are obliged then to go over the ground often and to bring the plan up to date. A Reviser is the man you may see in your garden, busy with a measuring tape and accompanied by an active and intelligent-looking young tape-boy. These Revisers are interesting folk. They are the Wandering Jews of today. The older hands know the face of Great Britain and Ireland with an intimacy impossible to any others. They learn, too, the art of dealing with humans as necessarily as do policemen and 'bus conductors. If you want to see it a Reviser will produce for you a formidable authority for entering upon your land. It is not his fault that he is there, and if he treads upon a pet gentian or leaves a footprint on your rosebed, bear with him. He is one of the best.

Let us take up a plan and examine it, for you may find yourself confronted with symbols which you do not understand. If so, the wisest course is to buy a Conventional Sign Sheet; or, better still, that admirable description of Ordnance Survey large-scale maps which may be procured at the price of 1s. Let me explain one or two of the abbreviations. B.R., is a bridle road; G.P., is a guide post; L.B., is a letter box; P.C.B., is a police call box; E.P., is an electricity pylon. There are abbreviations for sluices, troughs and mooring rings, and signs for multitudes of other things. All of them are indeed extraordinarily simple once you have tumbled to the context, so to speak, of the plan, and here again, just as in the case of the small-scale maps, let me entreat you to study the explanations given in the bottom margin.

To surveyors, for some unknown reason which I have never been able to find out, every field is known as a parcel, and every parcel is given its number within a parish. That number is the most conspicuous factor in the presentation of each field. Underneath the parcel number comes the figure which gives the area in acres and decimals of an acre. Now supposing that field has within it, and at one corner, a small enclosure: the area of that enclosure may or may not be given separately; but if it is lumped in with the area of the larger field then you will see what is called a 'bracket', which looks like a very long S drawn across the fence and connecting the smaller with the greater.

The altitudes which you will find given opposite the Bench



Marks are given either from the old datum at Liverpool or from the newer datum at Newlyn.

If you are really interested in levels, then you must make certain, from a note which you will find at the bottom of the plan, which datum is in question, for a mixture of the two might be most embarrassing; but I will leave you to do the rest of the investigation yourself. As usual the fullest information is invariably given along the bottom margin.

So much for the twenty-five-inch. The six-inch, derived from it, is perhaps even better known and more widely used. Nowadays if we repent of our transgressions we do something beginning with the syllable 'de'. *The Times*, for example, recorded a desire on the part of the responsible authorities to 'derestrict' certain roads. That would be arranged on a six-inch or on some copy thereof. You may be quite certain that any plan of towns or roads comes originally from the six-inch. The six-inch is not a direct reduction of the twenty-five-inch. It has to be redrawn in order to get the names and conventions suitable for the smaller scale, though the survey remains the same. Moreover, the streets in towns have to be made wider than they really are to give room for names. Because the six-inch is a redrawn twenty-five-inch it generally appears a little later. Curiously enough the six-inch sheet is, in size, by far the smallest of all the national plans and maps. The original reason lies in the fact that the twenty-five-inch has to be reduced in size by photography before it is ready to use as

a model for drawing the six-inch, and our earlier cameras were not big enough to photograph more than four twenty-five-inch plans pinned up together. Now a six-inch sheet of the same actual size as a twenty-five-inch would cover the area of sixteen, not four, twenty-five-inch plans. So a six-inch is only quarter of the size of a twenty-five-inch and costs only 2s. Perhaps this arrangement is best for the ordinary man. It may happen, too, that your house is in the centre and not in one of the corners.

The six-inch is contoured and the twenty-five-inch is not. That curious difference is due to a decision taken during the Battle of the Scales. Many critics have complained that the six-inch does not include the acreages of properties. It is a pity, certainly, but in fact the six-inch scale is too small. One cannot show every field division and certainly there is no room for all the acreage figures.

None of the plans, twenty-five or six-inch, include any 'imaginary' lines unless their accuracy is vouched for by some other authority. For example, property boundaries according to ancient custom rarely follow a hedge. There was originally a ditch and the earth from the ditch formed the foundation for the hedge. The property boundary will run, therefore, 'five feet from root of hedge', and Ordnance Plans give the hedge only. Then in the case of Administrative Boundaries Ordnance Revisers may 'mere' (or identify them carefully), but the local authorities signify their approval before the plans are published.

## The Cinema

# Screened Novels

By ALISTAIR COOKE

A VERY grave warning should be offered about the recent trend towards what are being called 'reverent' adaptations of famous novels to the screen; especially about one example of this trend, a kind of elegant heart-breaker that when it gets mentioned at all gets non-committally praised. This one is called 'Over the River', a Hollywood adaptation of Galsworthy, with what appears to be almost the entire English colony in Hollywood—Diana Wynyard, Frank Lawton, Lionel Atwill, and Aubrey Smith back in what I think is his original moustache. (He spends so much time nowadays popping in and out of one beard and another that he must be embarrassed in the mornings to know what to shave.) In talking at all about Galsworthy one should, I think, make clear which side one is on. There seem to be two reputable—or let us say thoughtful—views of Galsworthy. There is the official view that he knew a very small, but in our country a very powerful, stratum of society; and that on that society he lavished a keen satire and a keen affection. I personally incline to this view and will qualify it only to say that the satire seems to me to be working so locally inside its tiny compass, without a contact from any of the other worlds outside, that it cannot be called keen. That Galsworthy has, better than any other English writer except Thackeray, reported the lives and habits of the upper middle class with great elaboration of social detail and with a pity that often is confused with admiration. There is another view, a view bluntly and sharply restated by Mr. William Empson, that the mark of Galsworthy's characters is 'utter grossness of soul tempered by a desire to behave nicely'.

Hollywood, without knowing it, has brilliantly contributed to this aspect of the Galsworthy world. They have given Galsworthy's book what I am sure they are proud to think is reverent treatment. And the reverence just helps to point this view of these people. There has *never* been—and Heaven help there should ever be—a more ancestral movie than this. The characters can hardly drink tea without sitting in the shadow of a stained-glass window. All through it there is the hushed, elaborately dignified treatment of a family crisis that ten minutes' realistic discussion could dispose of with some human decency. I have never seen a film with so many shiningly vulgar characters in it. I insist on the vulgarity because you are being clearly called upon to admire exactly opposite qualities. I must confess to an aching weariness of these stage and screen families whose only claim to fame is that they display well-bred astonishment at life's most banal offerings, who, when confronted with some manageable fact of existence, like a baby, or

infidelity, or poverty, make an exalted parade of arch idealism and imagine that the well-bred crudeness of their social behaviour is the height of delicate and refined living. 'Over the River' identifies good manners with a morning coat, fine feeling with an Oxford accent, and emotional delicacy with holding hands.

A great deal of waggishness has been waged over another, and a most celebrated, novel adapted to the screen. Of course, immediately it was reported that 'David Copperfield' was being made in Hollywood many of our critics were able to go straight away and write their first paragraph. I feel that this playfulness and condescension are for once much misplaced. 'David Copperfield' is often strictly reverential: you feel nobody would dare to alter a bad line into a good one, because it was all written by—in a whisper—Charles Dickens. But it seems to me to be done just about as well as it could be done. Not that it can be done: most of the Dickens milk has been hygienically bottled. The settings, the emotional crises, the characters themselves are all very neat and elegant and tidily dramatic. There is only one character, I think, who could have come out of Dickens' feverish and irresponsible imagination. Mr. Dick alone has the gentle, mad, neurotic quality of all Dickens characters. The rest of the film is smoothly pleasing, obviously mellow—the settings, the dialogue, the timing of fade-outs and incidental music all have the air of taking part in a holy pageant. But through all this calculated piety, not even Hollywood's good intentions can disguise the violence of the story. It is a pleasing reflection on the Victorian passion for a respectable exterior to notice what fierce and angry perversions dwelt beneath those deacons' waistcoats. *David Copperfield* is on nine bookshelves out of ten as something for the children to grow up on, as a wise and leisurely masterpiece opposing to our modern scratchiness and rudeness a sure haven of peace and profundity. Yet 'David Copperfield' contains quite breezily a few natural deaths, two violent ones, a storm at sea, a sadist husband, two inhibited spinsters, a hypochondriac, two deaths in childbirth, theft, forgery, idiocy and seduction: an assignment from which Mr. Faulkner or Mr. Hemingway would probably resign with a shudder. Yet I don't suppose anyone dreamed of not giving it a 'U' mark.

There are only two qualifications needed to enjoy 'David Copperfield': one is to resist the desire to be condescending (think what it would have been like if you'd made it!). The other is to go expecting little of it. And then you'll be surprised how pleasant odd half-hours of it can be. But anyone who loathed 'Little Women' can confidently stay away from 'David Copperfield' . . . and for the same reasons.



# Microphone Miscellany

*Some extracts from recent broadcasts*

## Bucket Shops

AS EVERYONE KNOWS, the law has lately been changed so as to make certain sweepstakes and lotteries legal and others illegal. Some people like the new law: some do not. There can, however, be only one opinion about the activities of certain persons who scatter circulars with the object of getting inexperienced people to gamble with them in the pretended purchase of shares in companies. At the present time, a great many of these circulars are being sent through the post, and judging from the reports which I receive, I think the time has come to give some warning.

The methods of these people are something like this. They begin by offering to advise you about your investments, or about certain shares which they suggest you may buy. If you respond to their invitation, or sometimes even if you do not, they will send you a free copy of what professes to be a report of prices of stocks and shares. The next step is to invite you to buy some particular shares with the prospect of making a quick profit. It is quite likely that the first transaction will result in a sum being paid to you to show how easy it is to make a profit. This is the bait, and if you are unwise enough to have a second or third transaction, you are very likely to find that the shares have gone down and you are told you have made a loss, or if they go up so that you appear to have made a profit, you will be invited to apply the so-called profit in other purchases. By methods of this sort, you will be enticed into a number of transactions, as the result of which you will lose everything you possess. You will be asked to deposit the certificates for your valuable investments in order to give what these people call 'cover' to provide for a fall in the price of the stocks or shares which they have pretended to buy for you, and you will never see your certificates again.

Now it is obvious that if the advice which these people offer you is reliable, they would keep their information to themselves and their friends. The fact that they invite you to gamble through them in the price of stocks and shares shows that they have some crooked intention. In very many cases they do not buy and do not sell any shares. In such cases, if you are to make money, they must lose it, and they will take care this does not happen. May I read a letter which I received a little while ago to show what happens to people who pay any attention to these circulars:

'About twelve months ago, I began to receive circulars from Messrs. A. B. I told them to buy certain shares under their monthly system, and sent them cash to cover the deposit required. Later, I bought more shares, and this time I sent them share certificates to cover the deposit, but the firm stated that I must sell the certificates because they wanted cash. One day I had a letter demanding £160 because the shares had fallen so much. Now I am supposed to owe them about £300 more. I am only a small tradesman. I have lost my whole savings, amounting to £500, but I do not want them to damage my little business, which is my sole livelihood. I also have a sick wife. I cannot fight them in the Courts—being made a bankrupt: I would rather be dead. What can you do for me, for I am almost broken-hearted?'

I have no doubt this letter describes what is happening in scores of cases every day. Let me offer a few hints. Pay no attention to an offer of shares which comes from a stranger and promises quick profits. Have nothing to do with a person who, unsolicited, writes to you or pays you a call with a glowing offer of shares which he says are bound to go up. Do not be impressed by the name of the company, however grand it sounds. Ask yourself these simple questions: 'Who is this man? Why should he offer me, a total stranger, such a wonderful chance of making money?' If you cannot give a satisfactory answer to these questions, have nothing to do with the fellow.

It is difficult to frame a law to stop this practice. It will go on as long as there are those who are foolish enough to listen to the blandishments of these people. If you have some money to invest, or some investments to sell, write to a stockbroker whom you know or consult a local Bank Manager; and remember that these offers to make money quickly for you are simply an invitation to you to gamble in such a way as to make it certain that you will lose your money.

SIR THOMAS INSKIP

## Hull Fishing Industry Dispute

*Broadcast on April 11*

THE FISHERMEN OF HULL, as gallant a body of men as exists in this country, derive their living from a variety of sources. I may say, incidentally, that however highly they were paid, they would not be overpaid. They receive, first of all, a basic wage which, for the lowest-paid deck-hand, is two guineas a week. They receive a share in the profits of the voyage, a sum which naturally varies considerably. Finally, they receive what is known as 'liver money'—the fishermen, by tradition, are entitled to the livers of the fish which they catch, and the sum which is realised by the sale of these livers is traditionally their perquisite. It is over this last element in their wage—liver money—that the dispute has arisen.

Until comparatively recently, the crews were paid 12s. 6d. a jar for their livers. Some ten or twelve months ago, the owners installed an oil-refining plant on a number of their vessels, and the payment of 12s. 6d. a jar for livers was changed to 40s. a jar for oil. On April 1 last, this oil money was dropped from 40s. a jar to 30s. a jar. This change applies only to vessels carrying oil-extracting plant, which form about a quarter of the Hull fleet of 300 or more deep-sea trawlers.

From the men's point of view, the case is a clear one. The sacrifice which is asked of them is indeed serious. But the owners, too, have a case. The installation of the oil-extracting plant has been, they say, a costly business. In addition there has been erected in Hull, at a cost of £100,000, an immense factory for further refining the oil, and they must, the owners claim, be allowed some return on this capital, more especially as in the future by-products are likely to play an increasing part in determining the fortunes of the fishing industry. The owners further maintain that even under the reduced scale of payment the men will be receiving for their livers more than they received twelve months ago. This is disputed by the men. It is a fact, however, which can easily be tested by the proposed public inquiry.

Whatever differences of opinion there may be about the causes of the dispute, there can be none as to its effects. Hull employs some 5,000 fishermen. In addition, there are quayside workers known as 'bobbers', merchants, curers, ice-workers, shipwrights, and many other grades, directly or indirectly engaged in the industry, numbering tens of thousands of workpeople. The livelihood of every one of these is in peril, for the dispute is slowly but surely bringing the industry to a standstill.

In these circumstances, the Minister of Labour has decided to use the power given to him in the Industrial Courts Act to order a Court of Inquiry into the causes and circumstances of the dispute. The object of this is to present an impartial report on the facts. Such action in the past has been helpful in producing an atmosphere for settlement. It is to be hoped that it will have the same result in Hull. It will be a tragedy if it does not.

RICHARD LAW

## Should Beet Sugar be Subsidised?

*Broadcast on April 10*

THE BEET SUGAR SUBSIDY has been paid since 1924 on the production of sugar from sugar beets grown on British farms, and it was originally granted in the hope that a British sugar industry could be called into existence, which would eventually become self-supporting. The ten years period originally envisaged ended on March 31, 1934. The subsidy has been continued since then on a temporary basis, and a Committee was appointed to enquire into the present position.

Its Report was published this evening. The majority, consisting of the Chairman, Mr. Wilfrid Greene, K.C., and Sir Kenneth Lee, say they have no hesitation in reaching the conclusion that the subsidy should be discontinued as soon as possible. The third member, Mr. Cyril Lloyd, thinks it should be continued, though on a modified basis, and he has signed a Minority Report to that effect.

Before it reaches its conclusions, the Committee gives a very interesting review of the industry. The cultivation of sugar beet



has expanded enormously since the subsidy was first given, and in the last few years, about a quarter of all the sugar consumed in this country has been produced from home-grown beet. But it has been a very costly process, as assistance amounting to over £40 millions has had to be given by the State in order to produce sugar of the total value of less than £67 millions. The sum paid by the factories to the farmers for beet has been almost exactly the same as the assistance received by the factories from the State. In other words, the factories have received their raw material free of charge, and the money raised by the sale of the sugar has been entirely absorbed in paying their costs of production and the interest and profits on their capital.

The Committee has come to the conclusion that there is no prospect of the industry becoming permanently self-supporting, and it has accordingly enquired whether the national interest would be served by the permanent continuance of the subsidy. First, it says that home-grown sugar has no advantages of quality or freshness over imported sugar. Secondly, there would be some value, it says, in making the country independent of imported supplies in time of war, but it suggests that it might be better to buy all our sugar from abroad, and concentrate our efforts on increasing the domestic supply of other foodstuffs. It thinks the subsidy has provided employment, but no more than would have been provided if the money had been spent in other ways. Sugar beet also has certain technical advantages to the farmer—for example, in assisting the rotation of crops—but they are not large enough in the Committee's opinion to justify such a large expenditure. The Committee has been forced to the conclusion that the principal value of the beet sugar industry is as a measure of relief to farmers, but even in that respect it thinks it is extravagant and inequitable. On these grounds, it recommends the discontinuance of the subsidy. To ease the transition period, it suggests small payments to farmers for three years. The factories, it thinks, have no claim to compensation in view of their profits during the ten year period, and the fact that their capital was invested on the expectation that the subsidy would only be paid for ten years.

If the Government, in spite of the recommendation, decided to continue the subsidy, the Committee recommends that the industry should be entirely re-organised and subjected to a Sugar Commission which would fix its prices and limit its profits.

Mr. Cyril Lloyd dissents from these recommendations, and his Minority Report gives his reasons for recommending the continuance of the subsidy to be financed not out of the Budget but by a levy on all sugar consumed.

GEOFFREY CROWTHER

## Jubilee Window-boxes

WE ARE ALL HOPING to make this Jubilee year a gay one, and we are going to make special efforts to brighten up the gardens for the occasion. However, we haven't all got gardens, especially in the towns, and for those who haven't, the window-box offers the next best opportunity for a floral display. Have you ever noticed how different a house looks with a few flowers and a bit of greenery about the windows? Very well, then, the first thing to do is to make the boxes if you don't already possess them. This is a simple matter, there is no need for anything elaborate or costly, just a plain wooden box made more or less to fit the window-sill is all that is necessary, and you can all make that. There are, however, one or two important points to be remembered; it must be well drained, it must be made to stand level, and it must be secured to the wall or window frame—that is very important, especially if you live in a busy street where there is likely to be a procession. I remember some years ago being in a midland town when the then Prince of Wales was passing through. The streets were gaily decorated and crowded and some friends of mine had a very fine window-box. Just as the procession was passing they got so excited that they pushed the box off the window-sill. Fortunately no one was seriously hurt, but I have rather vivid memories of a policeman with his helmet and shoulders festooned with petunias and geraniums and his pockets full of leaf mould. He came up and made a lot of rude remarks about it, too. So let that be a lesson to you: make your window-boxes secure.

When you have got your box, what are you going to plant in

it? If you want a display of colour for Jubilee day I'm afraid it is too late now to start at the beginning, and it would be better to wait till a day or two before, and plant something already in flower; I daresay local nurserymen will rise to the occasion and have plenty of stuff available. You ought to be able to get geraniums in pots, the ivy varieties are particularly suitable. There is a college at Cambridge—Peterhouse, I think—that always has a wonderful display of ivy geraniums in the main courtyard. Then there are polyantheses, double daisies, nasturtiums in pots, aubrietias, arabis, pansies and violas. There are some very good violas to be had nowadays, and you will probably show a preference for the blue ones. If so, try to get the variety 'Pickering blue', it is much finer and very much bluer than the popular favourite Maggie Motte. However, I think I had better leave it to you to have a scrounge round the greengrocers and local nurseries and find what you can for Jubilee day.

For a temporary display it doesn't matter much what you get so long as there are enough flowers out to make a show. For the more permanent summer display you have a much wider scope.

Let us think of a few things you can buy quite cheaply all ready for planting out immediately after Jubilee week. Geraniums, of course, take a lot of beating for town wear. Then there are petunias, which are very nice because they hang over the box and keep on flowering all the summer. Antirrhinums, blue lobelia, sweet alyssum, marguerites, verbenas, heliotrope, fuchsias, petriwinkle, creeping Jenny, begonias, calceolarias: why, bless me, if you have a few shillings to spend you can get flowers of every colour of the rainbow and it doesn't take many to fill a window-box. Perhaps you would rather raise a few plants from seeds. If so, quite a number of the annuals lend themselves well to window-box gardening. Nasturtiums are always nice; blue 'Morning Glory' convolvulus goes well with them. Then there are the marigolds, candytuft, coreopsis, gypsophila and eschscholtzias, which all grow easily from seeds. The best plan is to sow them now in little pots, keep them in a sheltered corner somewhere, and plant them in the window-box next month. Finally, if you want to get a noseful of sweet savours when you open the window, drop a few seeds along the back part of the box of night-scented stocks and mignonette.

C. H. MIDDLETON

## The Rochdale Pace-egg Play

(Continued from page 660)

available, and extracts from eleven different versions were finally used, Yorkshire, Cornwall, Whitehaven and Lancashire contributing the bulk of the material. The traditional introduction has been maintained; the central conflict, lament and miraculous healing holds pride of place, and the final entry of Devil-Doubt preserves the vital *quête*. Altogether, seventeen speaking parts have been brought into the play—St. George and his three Christian fellows, six 'pagan' worthies, Father Time and the Fool, the Doctor and his man, Beelzebub and Devil-Doubt and the Dragon. The Princess—the Egyptian monarch's daughter—and the Hobby-horse appear as silent figures. The show lasts some forty or forty-five minutes, and was first performed in 1928, by the scholars of the Royds House of the Rochdale Secondary School, of which Mr. Priestnall is a master, and the writer an old student. In 1930, the play was privately published and each year since then has witnessed two presentations of the 'Pace-egg' in Easter week, one in the open air on the Cattle Market ground and the second in the Great Hall of the Town Hall of Rochdale.

The costumes of the mummers are all of home-made origin, the Christian knights wearing 'armour' and 'chain-mail' and the Dragon varying in ferocity of mien from year to year as its creators allow rein to their fantasies! The terminal collection swells the coffers of the municipal charities and one year, it is interesting to note, 1,066 eggs formed part of the mummers' haul. (Shades of William the Conqueror!) Such then is the Rochdale mumming play which is bidding fair to keep alive this very old English traditional activity in a time when a reversion to simpler amusements might prove a healthy corrective to the 'super' productions of the ultra-modern American studios.



## Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*.

### The Inns of England

In the course of Brigadier Winterbotham's excellent talk in the Map of England series, he remarks: 'Questions are often asked as to why "inns" are not more generally shown' on the Ordnance maps. After a typical experience in the Cotswolds last September, I am not disposed to ask this question. On the contrary, the question is rather why inns are shown at all. On a certain Tuesday it rained so hard that an Ordnance map was the only thing we managed to keep dry. We ate our lunch in the porch of Ilkstone Church and in the two hours following we exhausted even the beauties of that beautiful building. There was nothing for it but to make for one of the 'inns' so romantically named on our excellent map. So marking one down three or four miles distant, we set out for it and progressed as the duck paddles. At last we emerged at the sketchiest of villages, and sure enough there was our inn. It was still raining hard. We knocked on the closed door, and nothing happened for several minutes. At last with much drawing of bolts the door was opened by an elderly woman who, it was clear and useless to deny, had something dire in her face. Whether it was breathlessness or merely anger that made her speechless enough for me to get in my perfectly polite request for tea, I shall never know. She spoke without opening her mouth very much: 'They're not in!' Then she literally banged the door in our faces and bolted it. We got tea and a fire at last, at the Post Office. The nice young people there weren't very communicative about the inn. It appeared that 'they' were very rarely in 'between hours'. They themselves often served tea to chastened travellers like ourselves.

It was the following day before lunch that we entered another village inn duly marked on our map. We thought it would be pleasant to sample the local cider by way of a cocktail. In the dreary room into which we made our way before anyone could stop us, we were informed by a woman, who obviously disliked us at sight, that we couldn't have glasses of cider. We could have a bottle—1s. 3d. and 3d. on the bottle. Perhaps one of your readers can enlighten me as to why a building that sells booze between restricted hours should be marked on a map, when tea-shops, lunatic asylums, Woolworths, homes for inebriates and other useful places should go uncommemorated.

Wandsworth

S. COWAN

### Freedom—Under Socialism or Capitalism?

In his broadcast in the 'Freedom' series of talks, Mr. Herbert Morrison said that 'only under the economic system known as Socialism and Collectivism can the individual realise the maximum degree of freedom', and he also declared that poverty prevents 'millions of British citizens from enjoying real freedom'.

Is Mr. Morrison, when he talks about the poverty of millions of Britons, blind to the enormous advance that has been made in the social and economic condition of the British people in the past twenty-five years? One imagines from his broadcast that he is unaware that the small investors of Britain have savings totalling something like £3,000,000,000; that this represents a sum of £56 per head for the whole population; that in 1910 we spent £62,925,000 on the social services and this year something like £500,000,000? Mr. Morrison spoke of people who were deprived of amusements. Has he forgotten the amazing development in the past few years of such resorts as Blackpool, Margate and Brighton, catering principally for working-class holiday-makers? Has he not taken the trouble to discover that in Britain every week some twenty million people go to cinemas; that there are close on seven million wireless licence-holders; that every weekend some 700,000 people go to League football matches and that the number of workers in the entertainments industry has increased from 65,000 in 1927 to over 113,000 at the present time? Does he shut his eyes to these facts because they are not good propaganda for Socialism?

Socialism has now been in practice in Russia since 1917. Is Mr. Morrison not aware that in that country the prisons are full of people who attempted to secure for themselves some measure of freedom? Is he not aware that the standard of living of the

average Soviet worker is inferior to that of a workless Briton in receipt of unemployment benefit? Has he forgotten that it was only three months ago, after seventeen years of practical Socialism, that ration cards for bread were abolished? And surely he knows that any criticism of the Socialist dictatorship is forbidden? Quite recently two members of the Socialist Party Group on the Durham County Council were expelled from the Party because they dared to criticise its policy in public. It was the declared opinion of the Executive Committee that no member of the Group was entitled to criticise anything done by the Party on the Council and one of the members who moved the resolution for expulsion declared that if the Socialist Group 'permitted criticism in public by their own members' . . . they would become an unorganised mob'. Is this 'freedom under Socialism'? I await with interest Mr. Morrison's reply.

London, S.W.1

J. BAKER WHITE

Director, The Economic League

### Salvation Outside the Church

Perhaps I may be allowed to answer Dr. Coulton's reference to the *Church Times* of March 15 by quoting two sentences from my letter in the following number. 'I had no wish to minimise the main doctrine, *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* (i.e. 'no salvation outside the Church'), but supposed it already familiar. Nor, indeed, do I think that many would care to deny that it is a grave sin not to adopt and practise a religion which one really knows to be the true one'.

In my original letter I tried to explain: (1) that according to canon law entrance into the Church comes by baptism, and with entrance all rights and duties, to the exercise of which, however, there may be obstacles which should be overcome; (2) that Pius IX allows ample scope for the excuse of ignorance which is 'invincible'; i.e., as we should say, not gravely blameworthy.

Oxford

C. LATTEY

Dr. Coulton often tells Catholics what they do, or should, believe, though he is not, even yet, able to handle ecclesiastical documents properly. His letter is off the point. I stated Catholic doctrine: he alludes to sermons and the (quite legitimate) speculations of theologians. There never was, nor is, nor can be a Catholic dogma concerning the proportion of souls saved or lost. The discussion is a very ancient one, going this way or that according to the temperament of person or period. As a matter of fact, there is no defined dogma that even one soul has been lost: whereas we know dogmatically that myriads, starting with Our Lady, are saved. Anything else is an affair of free speculation. Neither Father Lattey nor I has been corrected. We could hardly have been expected to quote an entire papal document on Indifferentism. That Pius IX made clear that the formula *extra ecclesiam nulla salus* holds as good as ever it did, certainly neither of us denied: I personally insisted on his maintenance of the Church's unchangeable doctrine. But the Pope is allowed, presumably, to elucidate this or any other formula. Pius did so, and I quoted him. Dr. Coulton may not have liked Pius' saying what he did: still, he said it, without being influenced, I imagine, by either Manning or Faber(!), let alone being semi-Protestant. Nor am I.

London, W.1

C. C. MARTINDALE

### Grade A Culture and the B.B.C.

I cannot agree with Mr. Gerald Bullett that seventy-five per cent. of the variety programmes (reckoning in Songs from This, That and the Other, Soft Lights, Dotty Ditties and so on) are 'tedious and dreary', or in other words Grade C. Where the Grade A does get rather diluted with Grade C is in 'Music Hall' and similar programmes composed of *bona fide* stage turns. A picture or a poem can bide its time to be appreciated, but a stage turn is dependent on its reception by an audience not by any means all Grade A. Robust Grade A turns get across and survive, though whether their Grade A appeal is alone responsible



for their survival is doubtful. More tender Grade A efforts, however promising, make no impression and pass into oblivion. A luscious sample of Grade C is always a wow; and the more Grade C it is, the greater the wow. 'The Rosary' (with *tremolo* and pink and blue lights) is played on hundreds of cinema organs daily—and how the house rises to it. The variety profession contains too many popular artistes and not enough artists: and 'the public' is to blame.

I have always assumed that the fifty or sixty per cent. of Grade A in each Music Hall programme is the most that the Variety Director has been able to beat up—and that he must be rather a superman to do that much.

London, W.C.2

C. H. IZOD

### Modern Art

In Mr. Eric Newton's letter in THE LISTENER of April 10, he says 'Modern art interests me for the same reason that this month's railway timetable interests me. It refers to the trains that are running today and will be running tomorrow and not to the trains which stopped running the day before yesterday'. In THE LISTENER of March 13, Mr. Wilenski is reported to have said, 'The word "artist" in my mind means first and foremost a man who is alive today'.

As a comment upon these opinions the following statement by Picasso is of interest. It appears in a report of the artist's views upon art, published in a monthly art journal: 'To me there is no past or future in art. If a work of art cannot always live in the present it must not be considered at all. The art of the great masters who lived in other times is not an art of the past; perhaps it is more alive today than it ever was'.

Manchester

MARGARET H. BULLEY

### English on Both Sides of the Atlantic

I listened with interest to Mr. Alistair Cooke's talk on American speech in connection with the cinema. There is another aspect of the matter which, to my mind, affects film-goers much more, and that is, that film producers employ so many American artists in roles depicting present-day English life. Surely there is no lack of British talent, and equally surely an Englishman is best adapted to take an Englishman's role—quite apart from the matter of speech.

I think nobody objects to hearing American spoken in America, and in films whose scenes are laid in that country we can tolerate a good deal. But need we tolerate so many? Surely one of the chief attractions of a talkie is clear and understandable speech. To me, although by no means a French scholar, that language is almost as easily understood as the American we hear on the films—and how many French films go down with the rank and file of the British public?

Newquay

W. J. WILLCOCKS

### Science and Pseudo-Science

In your issue of April 3, the Rev. A. H. T. Clarke states that Professor Osborne, of America, directly attacks the whole theory of man's ascent from some ape-like ancestor, and he implies that Professor Osborne doubts the truth of evolution. The statement that Professor Osborne attacks the whole theory of man's evolution is absolutely untrue, and the implication that he doubts the truth of evolution is also ridiculously untrue. Dr. Osborne has been engaged in demonstrating the truth of evolution for the last fifty years and is doing so still. What Professor Osborne does not believe is that man in his evolutionary ascent passed through an arboreal ape-man stage. What he does believe, and teach, is that the Humanoid branch of the Anthropoids, which were ape-like creatures, but not yet apes, separated off from the neutral Anthropoid stock-stem which contained the potentialities of both man and ape, earlier than is usually accepted, *viz.* in the Oligocene period rather than the Miocene, and that it became a terrestrial, pro-human animal straightway, instead of passing through an intermediate, arboreal, ape-man stage. This is all that he means by saying, in a moment of controversial warmth, that the derivation of man from an ape-like ancestor is a myth and a bogey.

Dr. Osborne's view has not been accepted by the majority of anthropologists, but a few of them—Professor Wood Jones, a prominent evolutionist, among the number—consider that the theory is a credible one. But to say that this small divergence from the view entertained by most evolutionists shows that Professor Osborne doubts the truth of evolution and attacks the

whole theory of man's evolutionary ascent is a ridiculous falsehood. The matter is a purely domestic difference of opinion within the family of anthropologists, but the fundamentalist fanatics hailed with joy the fact that there *was* a small difference of opinion.

Mr. Clarke says that Sir Oliver Lodge states that *discontinuity* might cut at the root of evolution: what Sir Oliver says is (referring to Einstein's relativity theory) that a *deep-seated uncertainty about the nature of Time* may cut at the root of evolution—a totally different thing.

Devizes

H. MACKAY

### Church Scratch Dials

With reference to your issue of the 10th and the illustration you give of a mediæval scratch dial as illustrating Mr. Greening Lamborn's valuable talks on historic country churches and their accessories, your readers who will be following up the lectures by a personal exploration of our ancient churches may like to know that there is a list available giving the various churches, grouped under counties, on which such dials may be found in England, Scotland, Wales and Normandy. The list is, of course, still not fully comprehensive, so there is plenty of scope for further discoveries by anyone with a sharp pair of eyes; it is prefaced with some brief notes of guidance in searching for and classifying the various types of dials. The list can be obtained from the Hill Book Shop, 87 High Street, Wimbledon, S.W. 19, post free, 4½d.

Wandsworth Common

T. W. COLE

### The Wireless League

One of your editorial paragraphs justly commends the aims and objects of the 'Straightforward Shopkeeping' movement. It is of interest to note that some time ago a similar movement expressly for radio retailers was launched by the Wireless League. Any wireless retailer is at liberty to apply to the League for inclusion in their Register of Official Wireless Traders, and about 400 dealers have already been appointed in Great Britain. In each case they are furnished with a diploma and an official sign to display outside their premises.

In the wireless industry it is, however, not sufficient that the retailer is willing, and probably even anxious, to give an accurate description of his wares as demanded by the S.S. movement. He must, in addition, have that technical knowledge and scientific equipment which is so essential for the execution of repairs, and for giving satisfactory service to the listener. He must also satisfy several other conditions which space forbids me to mention here. This is not in any way intended as any criticism whatever of the S.S. scheme which has just been inaugurated, but merely to draw attention to the fact that radio servicing, which is actually one of the most technical of professions, requires special treatment when it is desired to confer on any individual wireless retailer any sign or distinction for the purpose of suggesting that the public can place implicit trust in the firm displaying it.

London, S.W.1

ALFRED T. FLEMING

General Secretary, The Wireless League

### An Appreciation

I am writing to express the thanks of the Bradford Adult School Union Wireless Discussion Group for the wonderful series of talks which have just concluded on 'Markets and Men', which we as a group have been listening to on Thursday evenings. We have found them very interesting indeed, especially the one on Wool. Of course, being right in the heart of the wool industry, it was particularly interesting to us in Bradford, and we feel sure that it would have been a good thing if two talks, at least, could have been given to this fascinating subject. We have been very interested in the other commodities of daily life, such as Coffee, Sugar, Cotton, Tin, Wheat, Rubber, etc., and have learnt quite a lot we did not know about these various things, which are so essential for our everyday existence, and for which we sometimes care very little, so long as they are available for our everyday use.

The two speakers, Mr. Rowe and Mr. Jewkes, were both very good as regards delivery and plain speaking, and were very easy to understand, and we thank them both for the excellent series which they have so ably put out to listeners.

Bradford

SMITH PICKLES

Group Leader



## The Listener's Book Chronicle

**Charles Villiers Stanford. By Harry Plunket Greene Arnold. 15s.**

IT USED TO BE SAID that you were sure of a unique experience when the three Irishmen collaborated, when Hartly played the opening chords of Stanford's 'Towards the Unknown Region' and Harry Greene began 'Darest thou now, O Soul'. And so it still is when the singer writes of the composer. The book is warmed by affection and loyalty as it is lighted by imagination and a gift of vivid phrase. But it is a sad story, the life of this brilliantly gifted, pugnacious man, who held for many years a commanding position in English music; who quarrelled untiringly with his friends; who allowed himself to be saddened because an academic institution refused him a Fellowship which could have had no real effect upon his work or happiness. The whole Cambridge chapter is pitiful: music had not been strong in the university: Stanford was raising it to new power: he conferred distinction upon the university by his tenure of the chair. Yet there was no harmony; and among those whom Stanford alienated were musicians most ready to admit his genius and to work loyally with or under him. Mr. Plunket Greene writes tactfully about the relations between Stanford, Elgar and Parry. We may be sure that Stanford was the last man to refuse welcome to a younger composer: his enthusiasms were notorious: but we have to remember that when Elgar first began to claim recognition he had not written the works on which his fame now rests: and that some of his early compositions were not such as would commend themselves to a conservative and classicist like Stanford. At the same time the whole book gives one the feeling that English music in the 'nineties was not part of a big musical world, but a small self-contained thing, like a family party in a country house. Elgar was outside the party to begin with; and it is easy to see how a feeling of exclusion would arise in the mind of a highly sensitive man.

And what of the compositions, the seven symphonies, the nine operas, the oratorios, the three concertos, the chamber music and sonatas. Are these dead or merely neglected? Something of both. But surely the time is just ripe for a Stanford Festival in Cambridge. And he must long be remembered as a composer if only for a few songs (the author writes brilliantly upon 'The Fairy Lough'), some small masterpieces of choral music like 'The Blue Bird' and 'Beati quorum via', and the Service in C. Many writers have carried a smaller passport to immortality. He must be remembered, too, for what Mr. Greene so well shows him to have been—a powerful and far-sighted fighter for the best in music. As conductor, as trainer of orchestras, as teacher of composition, he left a mark upon many who have reached eminence. If we feel that the world he lived in was a small one, we remember that he did much to enlarge it: and the very developments in our modern music which he deplored were the result of a new self-confidence and sense of adventure which had come into English music largely through Stanford himself.

**Moved On! By P. S. Nazaroff. Translated by Malcolm Burr. Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.**

Central Asia from the earliest times has been something of a magnet for European adventurers and explorers. It was Marco Polo who, in the thirteenth century, gave definite and concrete impetus to commercial ventures: the land route to the legendary riches of Cathay had been established beyond the realm of hearsay by the accomplishment of a European traveller. But before this great trade route could be established the *Pax Tartarica*, which could make such a route practicable for trade purposes, had collapsed. From that time, for a gap of nearly six centuries, trade overland was dislocated by inter-tribal strife, and the sea route to China was meanwhile established. Thus, European interest in Central Asia languished, only to be revived when railways altered the commercial possibilities of the overland route. Mr. Nazaroff traces a rather cursory summary of these outstanding facts in the great pageant of Asiatic history. One definite achievement does, however, stand to his credit; every traveller in this remote region has sought to compare it historically with the Middle Ages in Europe, while Mr. Nazaroff, as a compulsory resident in Chinese Turkestan, shows conclusively that there is a greater difference

between Europe and Central Asia than that of historical age: it is in reality a different world, almost beyond the compass of Western understanding.

Chinese Turkestan contains a population crystallised in the culture of the East already ageless. The gates in the city wall are locked at dusk and the Governor sleeps with the key under his pillow until dawn. Until 80 years ago a man spending more than three days in Kashgar was compelled by law to marry a Kashgarian lady; and, if the traveller's stay was to be short, he could be married and divorced simultaneously in order to save time. Yet a cook—in reality a slave—would receive 1,000 lashes at his master's hand so that next day the *pilau* might be better cooked. It is such too little known but illuminating facts that give value to the first part of Mr. Nazaroff's book. It is a pity, however, that Dr. Malcolm Burr makes errors of detail in an otherwise admirable translation.

The second half of Mr. Nazaroff's story relates how, before the advance of Bolshevik influence into this ex-Chinese province, now racked by revolution, he was moved on from Kashgar to Kashmir. On this journey he had to cross the foodless plateaus and ice-covered passes of the Karakorum, often at an altitude well over 16,000 feet. He and his caravan gasped for breath; even Tibetan tea mixed with rancid butter and other less savoury ingredients lost its flavour. At length he reached India, full of admiration for tree-filled valleys that he had not seen since leaving his native country as a fugitive from Bolshevik justice six years before. But, as he himself says, he would not have exchanged one day of this odyssey of discomfort and privation for any record-breaking aeroplane trip. The journey here described is by no means unfamiliar, but Mr. Nazaroff is a sufficiently acute observer to record new and interesting facts about the country he passed through. Above all, it is of the very greatest importance to all students of Asiatic affairs to understand the new forces released in Central Asia of the Russian Revolution; Mr. Nazaroff's experiences certainly help toward this understanding.

**Milton. By Hilaire Belloc. Cassell. 12s. 6d.**

A good deal of excellent work on Milton has appeared within recent years, and those who are familiar with the studies of (for example) Professor Hanford, Professor Grierson, M. Denis Saurat and Dr. Tillyard will not learn very much from Mr. Belloc. Indeed it is one of the oddest things about his book that he appears therein to be quite unconscious of the existence of this distinguished company of scholars and critics. He seems also to be blissfully unaware of the sad truth that in our generation 'criticism' has become an arduous discipline. In the present work Mr. Belloc has two main statements to make—that Milton was a strong Protestant ('What', he asks, 'was this man who did most amply succeed in stamping upon the body of English letters for three hundred years the seal of Protestantism?') and that he wrote much 'high verse'. Under the first heading he gives us some useful sidelights on the social history of the period—on the scrivener's profession, the universities, and the general change-over from Catholic to Protestant. In fact the Catholic-Protestant antithesis is Mr. Belloc's real subject-matter, and it is when he has this most clearly in mind that he writes most effectively—as, for instance, when he truly remarks that the 'Nativity Ode' is 'as much a part of the European tradition in Divine things as any Italian picture of the Mother and the Child'. Milton's spiritual biography is for Mr. Belloc a sort of Protestant rake's progress, beginning with the plea for divorce and ending with a vindication of polygamy and a denial of the fundamental truths of Christianity. 'He died disbelieving the omnipotence of his Creator, the divinity of his Saviour and the native immortality of mankind', and his career thus enacts in brief the modern history of our civilisation in its decline from Catholicism to chaos. But Milton was also, inexplicably, a mighty poet, so his poetry must be studied, not as a 'function of the man' ('the fellow does not count') but as 'inspiration', 'revelation', 'magic', and so forth. Mr. Belloc is right enough when he insists that 'the greatest verse does not proceed immediately from the strongest feeling'—it is 'a distillation, not a cry', and that the 'Epitaphium Damonis' need not be superior to 'Lycidas' just because Milton cared for Diodati and not for King. But the sterility of Mr. Belloc's view of poetry for critical



## February Hill

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## A Parson's Daughter

by Muriel Parsloe

'She had every kind of adventure, in every kind of job, from breaking horses to her present livelihood as a gamekeeper—a biography everyone will enjoy.'—*Morning Post*. 'Her experience of life has been so extraordinary and out of the way, and her manner of telling it so utterly honest that we can read her unusual book with absorbed interest and heartiest admiration.'—*The Observer*. 8/6



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Mr. Vernon Bartlett is one of the many distinguished people who appreciate Marconi Jubilee Year Radiograms.





purposes (he undoubtedly has what used to be called a 'huge gusto' for 'enjoying' poetry) becomes manifest when he is confronted with the actual verse of Milton. He is then revealed as helpless to do much more, himself, than emit 'cries': 'Oh yes! Some God protected this man'—'the unmistakable thing'—'to read that is enough'—'that last line is of oak'—'the three last lines have all the appeal of a sighing wind coming at evening over fields and trees', etc. The search for the 'summit-line' in a poem is one of Mr. Belloc's critical preoccupations (the 'summit' of 'Lycidas', we are assured, is 'Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds'!). It is disconcerting, too, to find that Mr. Belloc considers 'Lycidas' to be Milton's 'central glory', and to infer (as one is compelled to do) that he would place the 'Nativity Ode' second, the Piedmontese Sonnet perhaps third, 'Samson' fourth, and 'Paradise Lost'—well, that is Milton's 'chief' work, but 'not his greatest'. 'Paradise Regained' is merely awarded dishonourable mention. The critical inadequacy of the book can be partly surmised from the fact that out of over 300 pages only 18 are devoted to 'Paradise Lost' itself, while the Sonnets have 23, and the Regicide Pamphlets and 'Eikonoklastes' 28 between them. In fine, Mr. Belloc has written a book which is only readable (and it is readable) as a communication of its author's personality. One learns from it nothing new about Milton, but one is convinced that Mr. Belloc himself, besides being a Catholic and a historian, is an excellent talker, blunt and outspoken, with no modern nonsense about him, and is in fact a reincarnation of a personage he quotes and evidently admires, 'the sturdy but excessive William Cobbett'.

### A Saunterer in Sussex. By A. A. Evans Methuen. 7s. 6d.

For all that has been written about the countryside of Sussex—or for that matter of any English county—you cannot exhaust its lore, nor, as the author of this wholly delectable book rightly believes, will you spoil it by indiscreetly describing its intimacies. The genus motorist is always in a hurry, but these pages are 'full of good things for those who are not in a hurry and go about with humble minds. . . . It is only a few who will sit for an hour on a stile and find great happiness in learning the notes of an unusual warbler'. This is the essential flavour of Mr. Evans' book, and if there is any man who could lure the town-dweller from sophistication back to a healthy feeling for the open air and the countryside it is he. There is always use for such alert rambblers, for we habitually gaze at a thousand things but see very few. He puts before us a fragrant pot-pourri—birds, plants, mystery stones, scratch dials, villages with alluring names, almost anything that comes—all set out with a light and happy personal touch. And there is learning, experience and philosophy in support. The style, one feels, is the man. What a craftsman he is in simple prose with occasional felicities of phrase such as 'churches lying on the edge of the Saxon twilight', or 'the grey stones exhaling their past', straight from the mint of observation and feeling! So we may have conned fifty books about the Sussex that is off the beaten track, yet this one reads freshly. But why wobble between the spellings Caburn and Cabourn, when the second seems to have no authority?

### The Poems of Robert Herrick Oxford University Press. 2 vols. 15s.

Herrick has achieved a comparatively high reputation on the strength of a handful of poems. Many people claim to be familiar with Herrick, knowing no more than 'To Blossoms', 'To Daffodils', 'Corinna's going a Maying', and one or two poems to Julia, Anthea and Dianeme. What is surprising is that there is some justification for their claim—a complete perusal of Herrick reveals few qualities that are not present in the anthology pieces. The chief reason for his popularity lies in his handling of the commonplace, particularly the thought of the quick passing of life and inevitability of death—a pleasantly gloomy thought that has had a lot to do with the sales of the 'Rubaiyat'. Indeed, Herrick's creed, as summarised in the title of one of his poems—'To live merrily, and to trust to good verses'—is not dissimilar to Omar's. Herrick, in many of his poems, identifies this familiar feeling with familiar objects—flowers; objects that can present the thought without sordid or disquieting suggestions. The not unpleasant pill is well sugared, and the result is a number of poems that in their economy of expression are almost perfect. Herrick cannot be placed in the front rank, however, by reason of the lack of urgency in these poems and the repetition from one to another. In his longer descriptive poems, of which 'Corinna's

going a Maying' is the best known, there is a freshness of pastoral observation that seems to be absent from most of his contemporaries, and raises his work well above the level of recent imitators. But Herrick's interest in the countryside came from no real love of it—he is always anxious to escape from 'loathed Devonshire' to the life of the court and city, and his poems of country life come from the moments when he could regard it, with some detachment, as a pleasing contrast, in its artlessness, to the more sophisticated life he desired. Yet Herrick, himself, seems simple enough compared with such a poet as Herbert, as we can see by studying his religious verses—too simple, as his only devices appear to be repetition and accumulation. He is seen at his best in a poem like 'The Dirge for Jephthah's Daughter', where he revivifies a stock subject by drawing his descriptive passages from the English countryside. The present edition is a reprint of the original volume, and its general format makes it, by comparison with the usual prices of fine editions, remarkably good value. Binding, printing, paper are all excellent.

### Careers and Openings for Women. By Ray Strachey Faber. 7s. 6d.

Readers of books on careers for women should be restricted to men with sadistic tendencies. Parents must find them depressing literature. To girls themselves the very uncertainties of present conditions should give courage; for women's careers are still very much what individuals make of them. Even the older occupations, for instance nursing or domestic service, are changing so that workers of today may find tomorrow they have helped to create a new order. Still, Mrs. Strachey is not only offering advice to those choosing a means of livelihood but also discussing the general problems of the labour market. So far back as 1911 about 70 per cent. of girls under twenty were wage-earners. This fact makes one realise that, despite talk of careers, most women, like most men, have to face monotonous routine jobs. Roughly one-third of employed women are factory hands. More girls between fourteen and seventeen were at work at the time of the last census than at previous census periods. In 1926, the average weekly earning of women was 22s. 3d. as against the men's average of 55s. 6d. These figures are quoted from the first two, and the best, chapters, and in face of them we can appreciate how careful guidance on leaving school can help the young worker. Is she likely to be directly helped by this book? Frankly it is not clear whether the book is intended to put the reader on the straight and narrow path towards proper training, or primarily to make her think. If the former, the information is too scattered and too expensive at 7s. 6d. The excellent advice as to trainings available to girls leaving school at fourteen, sixteen and eighteen, each of whom have a chapter to themselves, would have been better collected shortly and published at 1s., with the appendices summarising fees, etc., lists of professional societies and trade unions. If the latter, then one is irritated by clichés such as 'her independence is itself one of the rewards of her work', and by an occasional lack of proportion amounting almost to unfairness—problems like the general policy of the Trade Unions towards female labour, the lack of vision behind so much of women's work at the universities, the young wife who has had no opportunity of learning housewifery, receive short treatment.

On the whole though Mrs. Strachey deserves our gratitude for writing the book, since, to quote from her preface, 'whatever society decides to do with the productive powers of women should at least be done with deliberate intention and upon a basis of knowledge'.

### Art and the Life of Action

By Max Eastman. Allen and Unwin. 5s.

Mr. Eastman is an able, and at times a discerning, writer, but unfortunately he shows signs of being an incorrigible dilettante. Perhaps the most disconcerting of these symptoms is his habit of labelling any writer, whom he happens to admire, a poet. Here we are lectured on the poetic soul of the poet Hemingway, and Mr. Eastman (perhaps to compensate for his uneasy, though lush, grasp of prose) writes of himself as though he were a kind of Shakespeare. An embarrassing little essay on philandering in Russia, archly called 'Learning Foreign Languages', culminates in some slight verses of his own which hardly justify the autobiographical glimpses of 'the poet' at work and ease, with which his book is sprinkled. On another occasion, as one 'poet' speaking about another, Mr. Eastman informs us that a few lines of rather harsh rhetorical blank verse by Joseph Kalar,



are 'the rarest jewel produced . . . in America . . . by proletarian poetry', and that they are 'pure art'.

It is necessary to approach the title essay in this book with some warning of Mr. Eastman's limitations, or else one is completely baffled. *Art and the Life of Action* is an intelligent and interesting attack on propaganda in art. Mr. Eastman is shrewd and makes his points very well for a case so proven that the only surprise is that, in our civilisation, it should need defending. However, he is not content to defend artists from Dr. Goebbels. He also has his own view of art, and his own brief but happy way of misunderstanding and then refuting Aristotle, in order to assert that art is 'a cherishing of things and consciousness for their own sake', a 'heightening of consciousness', etc. 'Consciousness' seems to have some external-reality for him as material as boots or shoes, and the question 'consciousness of *what*?' does not arise. I suspect that if it did, Mr. Eastman would blandly reply 'consciousness of everything'. At the same time, Aristotle's theory of the pleasure of 'recognising' in art, is airily dismissed as proving 'his unfitness to say another word about poetry or any art whatever'. So much for what Mr. Eastman calls the 'far-off history of aesthetics'.

It is really unfortunate that so firm a champion of culture and freedom, should be so effervescent and vain. In order to disprove a theory that the Renaissance was an age only of craftsmen, Mr. Eastman quotes an isolated remark from one of Leonardo's notebooks. The fact that the theory is ridiculous and not worth disproving, is a reason for ignoring it, but not for producing some almost irrelevant and unimportant fragment of general reading. In the same way, it is difficult to understand Mr. Eastman's attitude to Communism. He calls himself a communist, and is evidently a Trotskyist, but in this book, at all events, his attitude towards communism seems simply to be one of mild malice. Perhaps if he called himself a liberal, his position would grow easier, and he would have space and leisure mentally to clear his ideas.

### A History of Modern Culture

Vol. II, The Enlightenment, 1687-1776

By Preserved Smith. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

This is the second volume of Professor Preserved Smith's survey of culture in Europe and America since the mid-sixteenth century, and it is concerned with 'The Enlightenment' of the eighteenth century prior to that *annus mirabilis* 1776. Dealing first with Newtonian and Linnæan science, it passes on to describe the philosophy, politics, economics, literature, education, religion, law, morals and art of that distinctive period. A thirty-page bibliography is provided for those who would pursue these subjects further, and there is a good index. No indication is given of any intention to produce further volumes, but it is to be hoped that the reception of Volumes I and II will encourage the author to pursue his most readable synthesis still further. The interest of the history of 'culture' is, surely, vastly greater than that of 'past politics'—so much so that the writing of books such as this helps forward the cause of broadening and humanising the scope of history as at present defined in the 'curricula' of schools and universities. Professor Smith modestly claims that if his book has any value, it is 'in its view of the interrelations of large tracts of social and intellectual life'. It is precisely that service which 'history' as dealt with in our seminaries should most eminently perform and which, as judged by the demands of public examinations, it is most seldom allowed to. Detailed criticism by experts in the various parts of the wide field surveyed by Professor Smith might well modify particular judgments, but the general plan is illuminating, the scholarship is careful, the style is masculine and the subject-matter is alive. Academic historians are usually specialists in some period or phase of the past: they are unlikely to provide any very cogent answer to the legitimate question 'how much and what sort of history is required for effective citizenship in the world of today?' Certainly the case for a revision of current practice, which would be best begun, perhaps, by an attack on the matriculation examination, is a strong one, and it is further strengthened by the publication of books of high quality which provide an alternative to the standard text-books in use in schools and among undergraduates. The limitations of a history of culture are not to be ignored, of course. Such a history 'throws the creations of the choicer minds into the lighted foreground', as Professor Smith recognises, 'leaving in the dim background the inert opinions of the masses, and in the half light of middle distance the discordant protests of active critics'. Yet, he justly claims,

the culture of the Enlightenment stated the problems of civilisation in a more modern form, sowed the seeds of a still surviving rationalism, made successful now on superstition and intolerance, and began a vast propaganda for the education of larger classes than had hitherto been admitted to participation in the world of thought and culture. If Professor Smith's work still falls short of that social, or sociological, history which in its breadth of analysis will enable us to realise both the full nature of our inheritance and the dynamic forces and tendencies of change, it is at any rate a most important element in it. His book deserves study for its high qualities of learning and open-mindedness and for its lucidity and freshness.

### Broadcasting in My Time

By Sydney A. Moseley. Rich and Cowan. 6s.

This volume is one of a series by various authors, the titles of which are faintly reminiscent of the Book of Common Prayer. All are 'in our time'. Mr. Moseley, however, suffers from a disadvantage which is not shared by the writers of any of the other volumes, who deal respectively with the theatre, the press, the navy, royalty, marriage, sport, and other sides of national or social life. All of these (to use appropriate phraseology) are noble works which were done in their days and in the old days before them. In the nature of things, Mr. Moseley cannot go back further than 1920. This gives him a much smaller canvas, and consequently a different scale. Even so, however, the book is a description of the author's dealings with personalities in the B.B.C. in his capacity of listener and critic, rather than a general discussion of different aspects of broadcasting, and the style in that of anecdotal journalism. A good deal of information is scattered through the twenty-one chapters, but the phrases 'I recommended', 'I foresaw this', 'I solved their doubts', 'I myself told the Prime Minister', which run as a refrain from cover to cover, tend to alienate sympathy with the author.

### Symbols for Designers. By Arnold Whittick

Lockwood. 12s. 6d.

Perhaps this seems an unseasonable time to bring out a book on symbols when the architect has very little use for ornament of any kind and the commercial artist uses designs with a more literal and obvious interpretation. Symbols belong pre-eminently to ages which have a homogeneous and closely-knit culture, and that could hardly be claimed of our own. The use of symbols on the doors of banks and public institutions is sentimental rather than spontaneous. The most sincere use of symbols in our own time is in the political sphere, where politics in effect become religion, and their adoption by Communist, Fascist and Nazi in turn shows that the symbol does answer a deep-seated need in humanity.

For the curious-minded Mr. Whittick's book will prove an engrossing study. Symbolology is akin to etymology. It has its roots so deep in the past and in it so many cultures intertwine, that really as with words a symbol can mean almost anything which is sufficiently eternal. It is a science that tempts its professors to some pretty wide guessing. The origin of some of the basic symbols, such as the circle, the cross, etc., will never be traced, but the fact that they appear independently in both hemispheres suggests their inevitability. Others have obvious but very curious origins, as, for instance, some obscure prophecy in the Bible or an accidental association of sounds. Thus *pansy* for thought from its similarity to *pensée*, and the Egyptian *ankh* because a 'sandletrap' and 'life' were pronounced similarly in ancient Egypt. But the majority of current symbols are due to association of ideas, even if sometimes rather far-fetched, and were usually inspired by piety. Life, death, regeneration and immortality, being ideas which constantly haunted humanity and which were not easily represented, are the most fertile inspiration for symbolism. There is a curious tendency for certain symbols to have both a good and bad association—notably the serpent which in nearly all cultures has been a symbol for evil, but which has also been a symbol for wisdom and healing, probably because primitive tribes used to propitiate and worship the form they felt to be evil. The serpent has a further symbolic significance, familiar to readers of Freud, but which Mr. Whittick ignores. Indeed he fails throughout to take sufficient note of modern psychology, which throws an effective sidelight on symbolic origins. The book is illustrated with drawings and photographs, but it is a pity that a drawing does not accompany each alphabetical entry.